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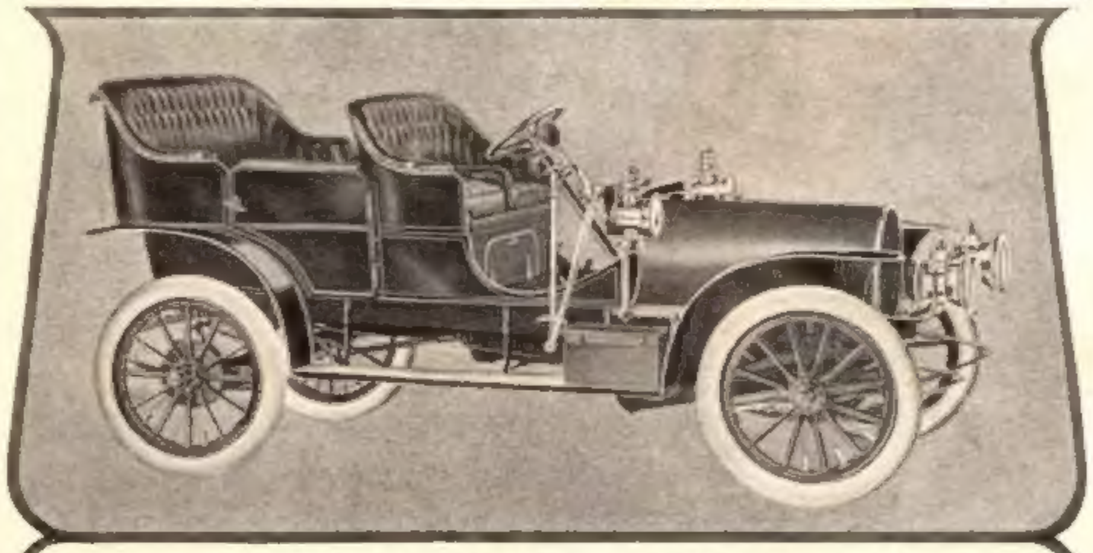
DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE PRIVATE CAR CONTROVERSY

BY J. OGDEN ARMOUR

FRANKLIN



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The Private Car Controversy

By J. Ogden Armour

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IN ACTUAL business experience I have found nothing so immensely satisfactory as the profit percentages which the magazine writers are able to figure on the Armour Car Lines and packing business. The way these enterprising journalists can pile up paper profits for me reminds me of nothing so much as the net returns to be realized in the breeding of Belgian hares—on paper. Some of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may have had a little practical experience in breeding these creatures for market and trying to make the actual profits coincide with those so elaborately set forth in the prospectus sent out by the breeder of stock hares. In the prospectus the scale of profits is an ascending one in which nothing short of arithmetical progression is capable of computing the increase.

Now in the magazines the net profit in the private car and the packing business are arrived at, by these entertaining writers, by the same process of figuring that the prospectus-maker used to determine the cumulative profits of raising Belgian hares. There is a world of difference between the actual earning of actual profits and the figuring of paper profits where the total revenue is arrived at in a broad, generous and offhand way with a large ignorance and comprehensive disregard of costs, expenses and all the practical elements and details really involved. If these writers could actually deliver the profit percentages which they are able to produce on paper they could command higher salaries in the packing or private car business than any magazine in America can afford to pay them.

If any business man who reads, in the articles put out by the magazine writers, the statement of our profits is inclined to believe them, I have only this little act of justice to ask him:

Go to some neighbor who already has a profound conviction that you are making too much money, and let him figure, from hearsay information, the profits which you make. If you are then honestly content to be judged by a showing arrived at in such manner I will find no fault if you will accept as true the profits figured for the Armour Car Lines by these writers who start out with a necessity of making a case by showing exorbitant profits, and who are unhampered by information and have a splendid indifference to all matters of cost.

Just try this experiment; you will find it hugely entertaining. Perhaps also it will teach you how far you fall short, as a financial genius, of the expectations and ideas of those who feel that you are making more money than you have any business to make. This may be a little dampening to your pride right at the start, but it will suggest to you what you could accomplish if you could somehow contrive to eliminate the matter of expenses, and to use your best day's business as an "average" by which to multiply the business of the three hundred business days in the year.

The profits of the private car business cannot, with any fairness, be judged on a harvest-time basis—which the critics of the enterprise seem to insist upon doing. It would be unfair to take the profit for a whole year and judge the business upon that basis. Why? Because this is a business of lean years as well as fat years. Then the period of profitable and established operation should be averaged with the years in which the business was in a struggling and pioneer stage. Absolute fairness would go further than this and take into account the exigencies of the future—such, for example, as the possibility that modern inventive genius may render practically useless and obsolete an equipment now representing an investment of millions of dollars, and this possibility is by no means so remote that good business prudence would not take it into account.

Again I urge each business man who attaches any weight to the profits to the Armour interests as they are figured in the magazines to act on this suggestion. The injustice of criticism and attack based on this kind of figuring will be so apparent to the man who tries this experiment that he will never again be tempted to place any confidence whatever in assertions arrived at by such a process. I deny that the profits of the private car line business and the packing business are extortionate. I have no desire to deny that both these interests do pay a profit. I should consider it a poor compliment to the manner in which I have discharged my responsibilities if this were not so. Let it be said, too, that the aggregate of these profits is respectable—to many it probably looks immense; but it is not excessive or disproportionate when the immense volume of capital invested is considered.

Mr. George B. Robbins, President of the Armour Car Lines

Perhaps I am not called upon to say so, but I will make the statement that had I put my holdings, at the time I came into them, into railroads, national banks and other enterprises I should have made more money, made it with less trouble and been subjected to less attack than I have been subjected to in the lines which I have followed.

More than that, I sincerely believe in the making of that money I should have been of far less service in the industrial development of this country than I have been in the private car line and the packing business. Mind you, I am not posing as a philanthropist or asking for any credit on that or any kindred score. Just common-sense selfishness and the regard for the well-being of humanity that the ordinary decent citizen has are all the motives that I lay claim to in the conduct of my business; but I do confess to a sense of personal satisfaction in the fact that the prosperity of the property of the Armour Car Lines and the Armour Company has been inseparable from that of the fruit, produce and cattle industries of the country; that thousands of men in these lines have been enabled to make independent fortunes by the activities of the private car; that, as an incident to a business success, the whole people of this country, and of other countries for that matter, enjoy comforts and luxuries otherwise impossible; that the standard of the world's living, in a sanitary and economic sense, has been immensely improved by reason of the operation of a business run for personal and selfish gain. A reasonable amount of pride in these facts is, I believe, quite pardonable, and the satisfaction I get from this consideration is, I confess, quite as tangible and satisfactory a kind of dividend as I have been able to draw. I believe most profoundly that there are very few industries in existence that have contributed so much to the comfort and progress of this nation as the packing and private car industries have contributed, and these benefits have been to all the people, for there are few who are not able to enjoy, to some extent, the fresh fruit, vegetables and meat that the private refrigerator car has guaranteed at all times to the public.

Too much emphasis cannot, in fairness, be placed upon the fact that the growers everywhere hail the private fruit car as the direct agency of their prosperity and expansion, and that the cost of this service has certainly not been so great as to choke or stifle their development. Instead, they freely declare that the private car has liberated them from conditions which were choking and smothering their business.

Careless writers and persons with axes of their own to grind have sought to create the impression that "refrigeration service" as applied to fruit transportation is only a high-sounding synonym for "selling ice." Nothing could be further from the truth. Refrigeration service furnished by the private car lines is exactly what the term implies. It is service—a *special* service—that insures to the grower or shipper of fruit a certain supply of the highest type of modern cars, careful loading, prompt moving, frequent inspection and delivery of the fruit in good condition.

This service is comprehensive, highly organized and expert. Transportation of fruit, care for a highly-perishable commodity, is its special and only work. Cost of ice is but one item in the expense of maintaining it. Its efficiency lies in the maintenance of a large and complex organization of trained men who are charged with the task not only of taking care of fruit in transit, but of seeing that the grower or shipper has cars, and the right kind of cars, in first-class condition when he needs them, and not *about* when he needs them.

The charge for refrigeration service also covers maintenance, repair and replacement of the tools employed in the business—the ice-making plants, ice houses, icing stations both in the fruit-growing sections and throughout the country along the routes from the growing locality to the market, repair shops and the cars themselves. These cars cost from $1000 to $1200 each—a third and sometimes half more than the ordinary box car. They are easily damaged. Almost every car needs more or less repairs every trip. They wear out more quickly than ordinary freight cars, and are more easily put out of service from many causes. When returning empty railroads frequently press them into use for other freight. If loaded with anything that leaves an odor—drugs, kerosene oil, etc., as happens often—the car is likely to be made useless for further service in the fruit-carrying trade.

To convey a concrete idea of what this fruit refrigeration service means let us follow the shipping of a carload of oranges from California to Boston.

California is a district in which a field organization must be maintained practically the year round. We have to maintain our own car-repair shops and icing stations, and when fruit is moving a band of more than fifty men as inspectors, supervisors, etc., whose traveling expenses, as well as salaries, have to be paid, are up and down through the district superintending the loading and icing, enforcing prompt movement of cars and pushing all details of the work. All told, we have a force of more than 200 men in California during the season.

Before the fruit-shipping season opens, cars enough to handle the crop must be assembled at points convenient to the shipping stations. More than half of them go West empty and are subject to many delays; some may be loaded with clean package freight. These will be from fifteen to thirty days en route from Chicago to Los Angeles, and unloading there may be delayed. During all this period, before a pound of fruit is loaded, the car line company must keep track of these cars, trace them from point to point, and know whether they are empty and available for immediate use or loaded and unavailable. Finally, the car we are following lands at our Los Angeles shop, where a large force of car repairers is employed at all times; they thoroughly overhaul the car, put new padding on doors and hatch plugs, clean and repair tank pans, drains and drain traps, and attend to any other repairs needed, from supplying a new roof to a new set of trucks.

After the car is thoroughly overhauled and inspected to see that it is sweet and clean and in proper condition to carry a perishable load of fruit its tanks are filled with about ten thousand pounds of ice. This initial icing alone in Los Angeles is a heavy expense. Wonderful things are grown in California, but no one, not even the wonderful Mr. Burbank, has been able to grow a natural crop of ice in Southern California. For Northern California we must haul the ice from the mountains at heavy expense for freight and shrinkage. We also buy enormous quantities of manufactured ice. In 1905 we bought more than 120,000 tons of ice in California.

When the car is iced it is sent out to the loading point to receive its load. During this process there is a further heavy shrinkage of ice in the tanks. The car may have been standing for days in a railroad yard. The fruit loaded into it and the packages containing that fruit are also hot—soaked, as it were, in California sunshine. The car and its load must be brought down to a low temperature. Every board, every nail, every orange, every piece of wood exudes heat. Much ice must be melted, obviously, to bring the hot car and its load down to a low temperature.

The car, when loaded, is sent back to Los Angeles (to Bakersfield if going East by the Northern route), its ice tanks are refilled, it is thoroughly inspected again by car line men and is started on its journey East. If it takes the Southern route it stops first at Tucson, Arizona, to be re-iced under the supervision of a car line agent, who not only sees that the tanks are properly filled to capacity, but also makes a personal inspection of all drain pipes, etc. The car then passes on to El Paso, where car line agents are waiting for it. It is again thoroughly re-iced and inspected and sent on to Fort Worth, where another agent is in waiting to perform the same service. This process is repeated seven or eight times more before the car reaches Boston—Kansas City; Davenport, Iowa; Chicago; Galion, Ohio; Hornellsville, New York, and East Deerfield, Massachusetts. The same careful attention is given it at each of these icing stations as was given at the beginning of its journey. The same facilities are maintained on all the various routes. If slow time by the railroads or weather conditions necessitate a larger amount of ice than usual at any point, extra icing stations are put in immediately. This is watched very carefully by an elaborate system in the Chicago office, and is also supervised by the traveling inspectors. They drop in on the various icing stations unannounced. This work, however, is more of a precaution than a necessity. The agents who are strung across the country in nearly all cases have been with the car lines a long time, and are men who take a personal pride in the welfare of the business.

Let us not be understood that any of this frequent re-icing and re-inspection has been done at random. When the car leaves Los Angeles, the car number, its condition and digest of the way-bill are all taken by a car line inspector and filed with the district agent in charge of that territory. The car line agent at the next station—Tucson in this case—is notified by mail, or by wire if necessary, that the car is on the way to him. This checking and notification of stations ahead continues without break until the car reaches destination. From the first icing until delivery at destination the car is under the eye of the car line organization every hour and *is kept moving*.

When the car finally reaches Boston it is met again by a car line inspector. He notes its condition, sees it opened, inspects condition of its load and reports all details to the head office. This emphasizes the *insurance the service gives the shipper*. Nobody in Boston ventures to report to the shipper in California that a car handled and watched as described has "arrived in bad condition."

The history of this car as traced from California to Boston is typical. The same thing, generally speaking, happens to every private fruit refrigerator car, no matter from what point it starts or to what point it is billed. Therefore, I repeat, the cost of this service embraces many items, to wit: Expensive ice in a hot, non-ice-bearing country, at the beginning of the journey, just where the most ice is needed; maintenance of repair shops at various places (Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Los Angeles, Sacramento and many other points); salaries of inspectors wherever cars are iced; salaries of executive officers and clerks; cost of maintaining icing stations; repairs; depreciation; interest on the investment, etc.

The item of repairs is a heavy one. During a short, rush season, as in handling Michigan and Georgia peaches, time does not permit sending cars to the shops, but car repairers have to be sent into the field. In Michigan last fall three car-repair superintendents were maintained in the field, and each had from five to ten men with him, at the expense of the car line. In view of these facts I submit that a tariff rate of $77.50 Los Angeles to Boston on the car outlined above is as low as good and proper service will permit. It was only a few years ago that this same rate was $95, but we were able to reduce our operating expenses and gave the shippers the benefit of it. Just as soon as conditions will warrant it the rate will again be reduced.

The private car line service also enables the shipper to control the destination of his product and to avoid glutted markets. It works this way: A shipper starts a car of peaches from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Boston. After the car has left he learns that the Boston market is full. At any place along the route of that car—Detroit, Buffalo, Albany—he can change its destination to New York, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore or any other point that promises a better market. In 1904, during the one month of July, more than 500 cars of Georgia peaches, an average of more than 16 a day, were caught at Cincinnati alone, diverted from their original destination and sent to other places that promised better results. This diversion of a car from one point to another is most *practicable with the kind of an organization maintained by the private car lines*.

The point I desire to emphasize with these details is that the refrigerator service tariff is not an arbitrary charge. It is based mathematically upon the service to be performed and is *earned by the service rendered*. This view is held with practical unanimity by all growers and shippers who have had experience both with private car line service and with refrigeration service furnished by the railroads. One example of this will suffice. In 1901 a certain railroad touching Benton Harbor, Michigan, was undertaking to furnish refrigeration service at cost of ice. Private cars were operating on another road reaching that same point. Mr. Roland Morrell, of Benton Harbor, one of the best fruit growers in America, had 25 cars of choice peaches to ship. He was within three miles of a loading station on the road which provided refrigeration at cost of ice. To reach a loading station of the private car lines his peaches had to be hauled five miles, part of the way uphill. Yet he turned his back upon the alleged low price service, made the five-mile haul, shipped in private cars and paid the tariff of $55 a car to Boston rather than take a chance on railroad refrigeration service. Asked why he paid this "unnecessary" charge, he said: "I raise peaches to sell. I am not raising peaches to be spoiled in transit and paid for by the railroad."

Just a few weeks ago Mr. John R. Wylie, of Shelby, Michigan, said to one of our representatives: "For long shipments we prefer the private car line service, with all its cost, to ice at actual cost with the imperfect service of the transportation companies."

At the close of the last Michigan peach season the Fennville Herald, which is the organ of one of Michigan's heaviest peach-shipping points, a paper that has never shown friendliness toward private car lines and is edited by the secretary of the Michigan State Horticultural Society, said that had it not been for the good work done by the Armour private car lines in furnishing plenty of first-class cars and looking after the prompt icing of same in transit that section would have been ruined the last season.

Almost every fruit and vegetable growing district in this country is a living witness to the pioneering work and the efficiency of the private car line. These lines have served both to develop new fields and to widen the market of the fields already in existence when they entered business. This one fact alone should be sufficient to demonstrate the truth of that statement: there are practically no reliable statistics to be had anywhere in the country in relation to the fruit industry save those gathered by the private car lines. A caller at the Agricultural Department in Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago asked for statistics on the fruit crop of Idaho. He was told that the Department had none, and that aside from the apple crop the Agricultural Department had no fruit statistics whatever.

Is it not remarkable that so many people should be eager to legislate definitely in relation to an industry that amounts to more than $400,000,000 a year, yet on which there is so little information that the Agricultural Department of the Government has no statistics whatever!

Let us again look for a moment at the Michigan fruit district, concerning which there has been so much discussion. Up to ten years ago practically no fruit was shipped out of Michigan under refrigeration. Practically all of the crop was dumped into Chicago by boat and by ventilated cars. The Chicago market was uniformly low in consequence, and Chicago commission men made handsome profits by re-shipping Michigan peaches to other points, even back into Michigan.

The private car line began to investigate the Michigan field some years ago. The car line agent discovered that Michigan growers and shippers would not ship to Eastern markets, such as Boston, New York, Pittsburg, etc., because they had no personal acquaintance with firms handling fruit at those points. The agent made it his business to get into communication with Eastern fruit dealers. Many of them were skeptical as to the statement that they could buy fancy peaches in Michigan. They were told to send their buyers into that district and, if they found that the results did not justify the effort, the car lines would pay the expense. Several of them took advantage of that offer; they came, were convinced and bought. This practice of sending buyers to the door of the grower—buyers who buy for cash and do not require the grower to ship on commission—has spread to all parts of the country. This is not the least of the advantages that the private car lines have brought to the fruit growers. *It gives the grower a market at his own door* and his product is disposed of without risk to himself.

Since 1889 the fruit and vegetable industry in California has grown practically ten times in volume; and financially it is in better condition than at any previous time in its history. California shipped, in 1905, 30,000 cars of lemons and oranges at an increase in profit over 1904 of more than $100 per car. Right now 200 cars a day are coming out of that State. The orange and lemon industry of California would not have been developed without the private car.

A few years ago head lettuce was a rarity in Northern markets. The private car line has developed this trade and has made many Florida farmers rich thereby. In the beginning, not more than half a dozen years ago, one car a day of head lettuce was sufficient to supply the New York market. New York alone now absorbs forty to fifty cars a day during the winter months.

A car line agent interested strawberry growers around Nashville, Tennessee, in 1903, to ship eight or ten cars as an experiment. Results were so good that the shipments rose to twenty cars in 1904 and to sixty cars in 1905. Humboldt, Tennessee, used to send out about fifty cars of tomatoes a season, six or seven years ago. The tomatoes had to be shipped green and ripened in the commission man's storeroom, which, of course, impaired the quality. Humboldt now ships in a season 500 cars of tomatoes that are allowed to ripen on the vines and therefore bring a much better price.

The new prune plum district of Idaho has been developed entirely by the private car line missionary work and within a very few years. The far Northwest now sends to market from 2000 to 3000 cars a year. Other important new districts are being similarly developed in northeast Texas, in Utah, Colorado, Arizona, Arkansas and Missouri.

The principal fruit-growing districts of the country in 1899 shipped under refrigeration only 9164 cars; the same districts in 1905 shipped 42,982 cars. In particular districts during this period shipments have been multiplied to ten and even twenty times over so far as the Armour lines alone are concerned.

A phase of this development that is not to be minimized is the increased value given to the permanent investment in the fruit and vegetable growing lands. Michigan peach lands undeveloped are worth only from six to ten dollars and never more than twenty-five dollars an acre; with bearing peach orchards they command $200 to $300 an acre. Florida lands that were almost worthless are now yielding to growers of head lettuce and other early vegetables an annual return of $500 to $1000 to an acre. There are districts in Georgia where lands bought for one dollar an acre are now worth, with peach orchards in bearing, $300 an acre. California orange and lemon bearing lands are worth $1000 an acre.

It is impossible to over-emphasize the development work of the private car lines in providing for the grower a *sure market* and a *profitable market*. The grower wants to know before he lays out money on his land that he will be able to deliver his products to markets in prime condition; the private car line service gives him that assurance. The shipper wants to know, when he loads a car of perishable fruit, that everything possible will be done to carry that fruit to any market or to the *best market* in good condition so that it may command a fair price there; the private car line service gives him that assurance. The business of both the grower and the shipper is thus, as it were, *insured*.

That growers and shippers all over the country take this view is proclaimed in the reams of sworn testimony given in the past year or two before the Interstate Commerce Commission and Senate and House Committees of Congress at Washington. Mr. C. A. Sessions, of Shelby, Michigan, aptly summarized this phase of the question a few weeks

(Concluded on Page 22)

The Mill at Washington

By WILL PAYNE

THE prospect of railway rate legislation at this session of Congress is better. It has been brightened with the bleached bones of a press agent. That is as far as the matter got up to the holiday adjournment, but it was considered encouraging by everybody except the gentleman who furnished the bones.

The President's message mentioned three subjects of great interest—the canal, life insurance and railway rate legislation. The last decidedly overshadowed the others, and everything else that is likely to come up. It is the one thing that the public really expects of this Congress.

It is a foregone conclusion that the House will pass whatever bill the Administration recommends. When the humorous Speaker—to whom, from the galleries, the curly lock in the centre of the bald spot gave an oddly infantile and innocent appearance—assumed the chair he observed: "This House is the only place where the voice of a majority of the people, without intervening machinery, may directly express itself." A little later the Democratic leader, who had been courteously granted five minutes for the purpose, was earnestly warning members that, after they had voted "Aye" on the adoption of the rules governing the House, they would be "as helpless as a bird trying to fly in an asphalt lake." The members knew it, and 228 of them voted "Aye." In short, the House has demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody, including itself, that it cannot do business except under gag rules. With any sort of individual latitude it would simply talk itself to death. It has to put itself in a strait-jacket to keep from committing suicide.

The individual member counts for nothing. It is all the Speaker and the caucus, and when the Speaker has Federal patronage behind him he comes pretty near being the caucus. Speaker Cannon's great object in life is to stand pat on the tariff. It is common knowledge that the President agreed to stand pat with him and in return the Speaker agreed to put the railroad rate bill through the House. Thus, on this great subject, the lower chamber is neatly disposed of and is no longer considered a factor in the game.

At the Speaker's right hand is a capacious wicker basket, which possibly suppressed a titter when it heard his declaration about the absence of intervening machinery. To "introduce" a bill, a member simply drops it in this basket. If it happens to be his laundry bill it is all the same. The first five days of the session, 7022 bills were dropped into this receptacle. The great majority of them were private measures, to increase somebody's pension or further some constituent's claim, and bills for public buildings here and there all over the country. These purely local things are what House members with their two-year tenure mostly busy themselves with, for their uncertain political fortunes largely depend upon them, and upon getting jobs for constituents. More than ten years ago Mr. Cleveland demonstrated that, by judicious use of Federal patronage and threatening to veto local bills, he could coerce the House to his will. The other day a new member nervously approached the Speaker and explained that, unless he could get a point of vantage for his public building bill, he would have to go home and stay there, whereupon Mr. Cannon extended his hand with a smile and replied: "Good-by, my son."

There is compensation of a sort. Having passed the President's emergency canal appropriation, which was all that was really required of it before the holidays, the House was permitted to amuse itself. So, day after day, up to the hour of adjournment, one member after another arose and delivered an impassioned harangue, to empty benches, upon any subject that his fancy happened to dictate.

A gentleman from Tennessee made the rafters ring with denunciation of college hazing, and sat down. Then up bobbed a gentleman from New York, and launched into a fiery speech about the abuse of the Jews in Russia. When he sat down another member worked himself into a state bordering upon apoplexy over the trusts. Several members took mighty wordy falls out of life-insurance grafters. The speeches were duly printed in the Record, and circulated among the orator's own constituents. They had as much to do with the business of legislation as making mud-pies has to do with housekeeping. The little boys are permitted to play at being statesmen. They are given this toy in consideration of keeping quiet and letting the President and the Senate run the country.

Which brings us back to the sacrificial press agent. The low estate of the House is a factor of prime importance because it accentuates and throws into sharp relief the great contest between the President and the Senate, which runs much further and reaches much deeper than the railway rate matter, or than any personal equation arising out of the character of the present incumbent of the White House or the present membership of the Senate. Concentration of power in the hands of the President is a theme that has been sufficiently explained to be familiar to everybody.

Honorable Joseph G. Cannon

As he has pretty largely absorbed the House, the struggle for a balance between the executive and the legislative branches of government falls upon the Senate. It is true, incidentally, that in recent years the President has usually been right and the Senate wrong, but the important point just now is that the tension is between the two. Both sides are cheerfully alive to the fact.

The only real business that came up prior to adjournment was the emergency appropriation for the Panama Canal. It passed the House promptly enough and came into the Senate in the opening days. The bill simply appropriated $11,000,000 for immediate canal needs. If it had come up in the affairs of a big railroad, the board would have disposed of it judiciously in an hour's discussion. But it evoked vast Senatorial doubts and suspicions. The Committee on Appropriations took it up and held hearings. The President was called upon to furnish a detailed statement of canal expenditures. One baleful item was discovered. Mr. Bishop, a very good newspaper man, was drawing $10,000 a year as secretary and historian. He was haled before the committee for examination, and it developed that the larger part of his duty consisted in giving out information to the press—not to "influence public opinion about the canal," but merely to "keep it normal," as he gently explained. Thus the secret was out. The President was hiring a canal press agent at $10,000 a year. Grave Senators were amazed, and frankly said so. It appeared that Mr. Bishop was a friend of the President, which naturally increased the amazement.

Senator Tillman, a member of the committee, came in for a little personal maze of his own. Secretary Taft was saying that it had been deemed advisable to hire Mr. Bishop to "keep public opinion normal" because people had got the erroneous idea that the Isthmus was deadly unhealthful; thus it was almost impossible to get clerks, stenographers, machinists, engineers and the like to go there. Then up spoke the eloquent Carolinian:

"Why, that surprises me, because, when I have made application for constituents for such places on the Isthmus, I have always been told that there was no opening."

The portly secretary tried to explain that the Senator had missed the proper psychological moment, and put in his applications just after Mr. Bishop had "normalized" opinion and thereby made applicants plentiful; but Mr. Tillman did not look especially impressed.

After much had been said, not by way of compliment, about the press agency, the President sent for Senator Hale and authorized him to say that the job would be abolished. The Senator said it on the floor, and the bill was passed.

Now there are a good many members of the upper house who would contemplate a man drawing $10,000 a year of government money and not have a fit about it. Probably the actual expense entailed in getting Mr. Bishop out of his job would have paid his salary for a year or two. The incident, in fact, was simply an assertion of Senatorial power, the pressure of an elbow against the President's ribs for the purpose of notifying him that there is somebody else on the walk. He yielded gracefully, whereupon the Senate promptly rescinded its confirmation of all his canal nominations, and several members of that body said frankly that they would demand an amendment of the Spooner act which gives the President plenary powers over the big ditch-digging, the amendment, of course, to be by way of taking such powers from the Executive and transferring them to the legislative branch—that is, to the Senate. The intimation has already gone out from the White House that the President will not oppose this. Altogether Mr. Roosevelt is speaking very softly to the upper house at this time.

The Senate convened in bad temper. The fact is, it realized the tremendous body of public opinion behind the President's rate-regulating policy. Sixteen Republican Senators must stand for reëlection next year. The handwriting on the wall was quite irritating. But, having so conspicuously jumped on and flattened out the President's friend, the press agent, the upper house will probably get into better humor. Very likely it will finally pass a railway rate bill.

The outlook in that regard is complicated, of course, by the fact that any one Senator can absolutely block the bill at this session. There will be no abatement of "Senatorial courtesy," which permits any member to talk on any subject as long as he can draw breath, for the Senate knows that this courtesy is a mighty instrument in maintaining its power. Practically a member of the House cannot do anything save by unanimous consent, but a member of the Senate can do anything he pleases save by unanimous agreement to the contrary.

This Senatorial courtesy can be used for good purposes, too, as was illustrated in the Statehood affair. A glance at that affair may throw a light on various matters. Some four years ago a crowd of Pennsylvania politicians were promoting a railroad in the Southwest—incidentally tapping the till of a State depository, as was disclosed with ghastly distinctness in the recent failure of the Enterprise National Bank at Allegheny and the suicide of its cashier. A Territory cannot vote bonds in aid of a railroad. A State can. This may be irrelevant, but its potential appositiveness is suggestive. In March, 1902, there appeared in the House a bill to raise New Mexico, Arizona, Indian Territory and Oklahoma to separate Statehood. It had the mighty backing of the late Matthew Stanley Quay and the efficient organization which he controlled. Two weeks after introduction the committee reported it favorably, and a month later it was passed, without any great noise—such is the pliability of the House. It went immediately to the Senate and was referred, as a matter of course, to the Committee on Territories. A rather unusual sequence of deaths and defeats had removed seven senior members of that committee, so that Beveridge of Indiana had come to the chairmanship of it. Beveridge was a young man who had got to the Senate on his intrinsic merits, so he had rather fixed notions about looking into the intrinsic merits of things. He laid the Statehood bill in a pigeonhole, not that he was especially against it—and it was said to be a good piece of party politics—but because he wished to look it over carefully. Not long afterward the bland Senator from Pennsylvania dropped in at the room in the basement of the Capitol that is set apart for the Committee on Territories, and good-naturedly suggested that the Statehood bill might as well be reported without delay.

Now, any Senator is a mighty figure at the Capitol. Nothing strikes the inquisitive visitor more oddly than the way this body has impressed itself on the city. Just what a Senator could do, retributively, to a haberdasher or a bell-boy or a cab driver, I don't know; but all of them speak the mystic word in hushed accents. Yet there are Senators and Senators. Among the mere handful of men who compose the upper house there are some who are personally so small that the mantle of their great office trails a rod on the ground; some so really insignificant that the tremendous buoy of the toga can scarcely keep them from sinking into nonentity. On the other hand, there are a few great over-lords of this house of lords, bosses of the bosses, Jovian compellers of the Senate. Quay was one of them, and by rights the brisk, hard-muscled young man from Indiana should have hopped up and reported his bill. But he didn't. He kept it in the pigeonhole, and kept up his study of it.

Mr. Quay began to get vexed. But here Senatorial courtesy came in. Beveridge was chairman of the committee, and if he wished even to go to sleep on the bill for a couple of years it would be discourteous to wake him up. Finally Quay, whose friends were waiting for their act, quite

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FORGING THE GOLDEN CHAIN

"That is Hardly the Question. The Point is, Can *We* Get Along?"

Business is Business—And So is Romance

By William Hamilton Osborne

JIMMY DOLLIVER was slightly troubled. He was facing one of the problems of life.

"It seems to me," he said slowly, toying with the solitaire that graced Miss Pembroke's hand, "that we ought to marry—*soon*."

Miss Natalie Pembroke flushed and nodded. "*I* think we ought," she answered. She hesitated for an instant. "These *long* engagements seem, somehow, so *cheap*." Dolliver started. It seemed an odd thing for Natalie to say—*his* Natalie. The girl, too, seemed instinctively to understand that she had struck the wrong note. "I—I don't mean that so much, Jimmy," she went on, "and, anyway, it doesn't hit us, for we haven't been engaged so long. But don't you know how people talked when Tom Dilkes and Aline Peterson stepped off." She sniggered at the recollection. "After five years!" she laughed. "I think we ought to marry soon," she repeated soberly.

Unconsciously Dolliver's face clouded. "It's a matter of pride with her," he told himself.

To some extent he was right; to a very great extent he was wholly wrong. For Natalie Pembroke—if the expression be permitted—was head over heels in love with Jimmy Dolliver. She loved him for his looks; she loved him for his gentleness; she loved him because he was Jimmy Dolliver, and because he, too, was head over heels in love with her. And there was something behind Jimmy's personality that constantly lent spice to his every word, his every act. It had puzzled her for a long while until she had heard it said one day that Jimmy Dolliver possessed executive ability. That was the phrase—executive ability. Jimmy Dolliver was in the world and of it. He was masterful; he had force.

"Jimmy 'll get along," Natalie's father had said to Natalie.

Jimmy *was* getting along, as young men of twenty-five do get along. He was head man down at Eisenstein, Thalheimer & Company's, manufacturers of gold chains in Monroe. Jimmy was a practical man. Fortunately for himself, he was living in an age when the American aristocrat doffed his hat in the presence of the practical, successful business man. Unfortunately for himself, he was living in an age when salaries were relatively small, compared with the cost of living, and when the essence of living consisted in keeping up appearances. It was an age when men who ought to marry early married late. And Jimmy Dolliver was a marrying man.

"*I* can get along," Jimmy went on, to Natalie; "that is hardly the question. The point is, can *we* get along? I have fairly hard scratching as it is."

Natalie Pembroke laughed. Jimmy was pacing slowly up and down the room. In all Monroe there was no man so well groomed, so well caparisoned, as was Jimmy Dolliver. She liked him for it. It was a part of Jimmy.

"*You!*" she exclaimed. Again she laughed. "Do you know what the girls say, Jimmy? They say there are few men that lavish money on a girl as you do on me. They say"—she smiled mischievously and with an appreciation of the humor of her own remark—"that you *certainly* do treat me well."

Jimmy laughed in spite of himself. And yet, there was a grimness about it all. Here was Natalie Pembroke, the only child of old John K.—a man who could buy and sell many men in Monroe; a man whose wealth had come down to him through generations—and yet, in spite of her blue-blooded ancestry, in spite of her innate refinement, she voiced unconsciously the sentiments of the age, and in the vernacular of the times. That was the supreme test of to-day, Jimmy told himself, somewhat bitterly—Does this man make good?—Does that other show his coin?

But Natalie, too, was sobering. "We *can* get along, Jimmy, I'm sure," she said simply, and in what she considered was a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "and if we can't, father will——"

"Stop right there," exclaimed Dolliver; "father *won't*. He won't, in the first place, because we won't let him, you and I, and in the second, your father will never see, will never know, the weak spots in our system of finance. Father will hand out ivory pianos when we need a joint of mutton. He will adorn us with an Oriental rug when we'd prefer to pay our rent on time. I know—I've seen and heard what other men have borne, and said. I—I want to begin on a sound basis, Natalie," he went on. "I'm not marrying a rich girl. I'm marrying a girl whose father is rich. A rich girl is one who's rich in her own right. I'm marrying *you*," he said, seating himself at her side, "because you're Natalie. You're marrying me because I'm Jimmy Dolliver. That's all. And we've got to fight it out together, side by side."

Natalie Pembroke drew a long breath. It sounded good, this business-like discussion. It was something different from the kind of thing she was accustomed to. It seemed to her that she was standing on the threshold of real life.

"I'm afraid," continued Jimmy, "that I'm making a fool of myself in taking these things too seriously, but, somehow, I want to be understood—I want things understood. I can live, alone—and on very little." He smiled. "It isn't very romantic and it isn't very good taste, and it certainly is sordid, to mention it—but it didn't cost much to *treat you well*, as your friends would say. We haven't been to the theatre twice a month; the opera once or twice a year—figure it all out. How much did it cost? It's mean and cheap to talk about it, but——"

"It's *fun*," returned Natalie; "and besides, when we did go, we had just everything and did everything there was to have or do."

"How much?" persisted Dolliver.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned—"twenty-five hundred dollars. No? More?"

Dolliver burst into a hearty laugh. "This last year," he returned, "just three hundred and fifty dollars—at the rate of seven dollars a week. I figured it all out. For the rest, my board at Mrs. Tackleton's, and as for clothing and the other things—oh, yes, *I* could get along, but *you* and I—there's the rub. That's the thing we've got to think about, and we've got to think about it all the more, because—because I'm going to take a step that's going to make me hustle. Somehow—Natalie, I want you to be with me when I'm hustling. Somehow——" There was a wild yearning within him. He threw his arm around the girl and drew her toward him. "I want to begin life—*now*," he said.

"And I," she whispered.

"Forbes and I," he went on, "are going to buy out Eisenstein, Thalheimer & Company. We know how to make gold chains. Practically we're running the business. Eisenstein is the only member of the firm that's left. He's tired and he's old-fashioned. It's our chance; Forbes' chance and yours and mine. It's a good business. It needs building up. But we'll be manufacturing jewelers, Forbes and I——"

"They all get rich, here in Monroe," said Natalie.

"Those you hear about do," returned Dolliver; "the rest don't. I don't know which class we'll be in, but—I've got a fight to fight, Natalie girl, and I want to fight it with you at my side, urging me on. Am I selfish? Am I wrong? Am I right? I'm afraid it means poverty for a long, long while—secret poverty; a terrific struggle to keep up appearances. How long, I cannot tell."

Had Jimmy Dolliver been a little less of a business man he would not have said these things in just this way. Even as it was, he admitted to himself that he had not expressed them just in the way he ought. But he wanted to put Natalie on her guard; he wanted to show her just how it would be; he wanted, above all, to get her down upon the record. She was willing to place herself on record.

She felt the doubt of her that his words unconsciously implied. "I think, Jimmy," she answered him, "that you do not realize that it is the rich girl—or the girl with the rich father, as you put it—who is willing to do as you say. We've been used to luxury; a little adversity may be a relief. It is a change. It is something new. If I were a factory girl I should look forward to marriage as a grand holiday. I would say, '*Now* it is my turn to rest. I'll have servants. I'll order them around.' It is the poor girl who is not willing to face poverty. The rich girl is, *with* the man she loves. It's the man after all, Jimmy Dolliver. The rest doesn't count so much."

Dolliver crushed her to his breast. She had said the thing he wanted her to say, and just in the way he wanted her to say it.

"Are you sure?" he cried.

"Sure," she answered.

"Do you realize, little girl," he asked, "what it all means?"

"Jimmy," she answered, "we're going to fight it out together."

They married. All Monroe approved the match; all Monroe liked Jimmy, and loved Natalie. And Natalie's father, who was a club man, was glad to have his only daughter so very well disposed of; he tapped her on the shoulder.

"Natalie," he said, "Jimmy is the real thing. He's doing well. He's straight as a die, and he's got a thundering good business reputation. You take good care of him, and you'll be all right."

Jimmy smiled. "We'll get along—somehow," he assented.

They lived in a small cottage in a good residence neighborhood on the outskirts of the town. Natalie had picked it out. Jimmy had suggested a flat—not an apartment—at a lower rental. But he conceded the little six-room cottage. The open air and the little flower-beds would do them good. They hired the cheapest kind of a servant, but changed her later for a good one.

"For," reasoned Natalie, "a cheap one wastes so much that a good one pays in the end. She saves so much."

"If there's anything to save," thought Jimmy, for his appetite and Natalie's were sufficient usually to lick the platters clean.

"And besides," Natalie had told herself, "we've got to make *some* kind of a showing when Genevieve comes here."

Genevieve was Genevieve Lawson, the bosom friend of Natalie. Genevieve had married G. J. Lawson, of Lawson & Sons, brokers, in Monroe. G. J. Lawson was young and rich. He, too, had a business reputation; though it

"Wait Till You Have Eight, Like Me," He Said

was said about town that Lawson & Sons was a concern that had learned to run itself. At any rate, G. J. did not let it interfere with his enjoyment of life. G. J. Lawson was as much a friend of Jimmy's as was Genevieve of Natalie's.

"We've got to make some little show, just to keep up with our wedding presents," Natalie told Jimmy Dolliver.

Jimmy would nod in a tired sort of way. He was always tired now, it seemed. "It's good to come home, nights, now," he would tell her, "to home, and—you."

"Why are you so tired, Jimmy?" she would ask. "You didn't used to be."

"Ah," returned Jimmy, "Forbes and I must hustle now. We've got to hustle on our own account, you see. It's hard work to make both ends meet. But we're doing it all right."

"You get home so late," she went on.

"It's a long walk, you know," he answered. He hadn't meant to say it. It slipped out naturally enough. Natalie opened her eyes.

"Walk!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you walk home!" Jimmy nodded. "All that distance?" she persisted. "How far is it?"

"About a mile," Jimmy answered. He lied. It was two and a half. "It isn't far. And besides, I need the exercise."

"But," she protested, "why don't you walk in the morning when you're fresh, and ride at night when you're tired?"

"I walk both ways," returned Jimmy.

"Both ways!" she echoed. There was a note of incredulity in her tone. "Jimmy—why?"

Jimmy took her hands in his. "Because, little girl," he answered, smiling, "it's just this: we're running so close to the wind down at the shop that it's a matter of pennies—actually of pennies. Seems funny, doesn't it? But it's true. Forbes, my partner, doesn't economize. I must."

She said nothing just then. But when she was alone she sat down and thought about it. "It seems so ridiculous," she told herself. It was absurd. The idea! What kind of a business was this business of her husband's where ten cents a day could make a difference? She didn't, couldn't understand that some men sell their very shirts to make a business pay. One day she picked up Jimmy's everyday shoes. She turned them up. In the sole of one was a hole, worn almost completely through.

"You *must* get a new pair of shoes, Jimmy," she said. "You always used to be so well dressed, you know. And these shoes, why, they're disgraceful!"

"I'll get them," returned Jimmy, "just as soon as I have the time." He meant just as soon as he had the money, but he did not say it. And he did not get a new pair. He had his old ones patched and repatched. "It's a matter of pennies, you know," he would tell her.

Natalie didn't like it. It all seemed so sordid. It was of a piece, too, with the general lack of money in the house.

Natalie had not expected to roll in riches. "I don't want money to spend in luxuries," she assured herself; "but I must have necessaries." And often there was no money for the barest needs of life. Yet, outwardly, they were living well. Her trousseau was still new; their house and table were bountifully supplied with wedding presents. To their neighbors they seemed prosperous. To the eyes of father Pembroke they were comfortable. But to Natalie——

"Weren't you better off when you were on a salary?" she one day asked her husband.

He shook his head. "I had more money for myself," he assented, "but now—don't you see?—I've got a business."

Natalie could not reason it out. What was the use of having a business if it did not yield enough for one to subsist upon? And, besides, no one knew it was Jimmy's business.

"I suppose," she had asked him once, "that it will be Dolliver & Forbes?" He had shaken his head.

"It'll be Eisenstein-Thalheimer still," he had answered. "We can't afford to lose the name, you see."

Somehow, it all seemed so futile to Natalie. She loved Jimmy—oh, so much!—but she doubted his business wisdom. The old thing that had provoked her admiration—his executive ability—where was that?

"Don't you think, Jimmy," she said one day, after seven long days of financial famine, "that it would be better to take a salary again?"

"No," he cried, "no! You don't understand. We're forging right ahead. We're doing business. We're making gold chains, and we're selling them, too. No, no! Wait."

She waited. And it seemed as though things did get a bit easier. Now and then they took a night off, over in New York. And she had more money, too. But Jimmy still kept up his own economy.

"You look so shabby," she complained; "what will people think?"

But he only smiled. "A man is judged by his wife's clothes, not his own," he told her. It was then that she exhibited rare presence of mind, so she assured herself. She did not answer him. But, had she answered, she would have told him that it was not good to wear your wedding trousseau for more than a year, no matter how *good* it was, no matter how *well* it looked. She could have told him further, that, so far as her new purchases went, his wife was not well dressed. She was afraid, actually afraid, to look Genevieve Lawson in the face again. And Genevieve had come home from Paris with—well, *gowns*. It was awful, somehow.

And one night Jimmy came home with a new line in his face, but with determination in his eye.

"Natalie, girl," he said to her, after supper, "it's come—the thing I knew must come. Forbes and I can't get along. His ways are not my ways. Forbes thinks I'm too cautious. I think Forbes is too headstrong—he calls it being

Little Jimmy Dolliver, When He Arrived, Became Her Life

progressive. He's too extravagant. He keeps us in hot water all the time. We can't get along, that's all. We've got to separate. I've got to buy Forbes out, or he's got to buy me out, that's all. I've got the first chance."

"What will Forbes pay?" she asked. It seemed to her the hand of Providence. If Jimmy could get Forbes to pay him, say, five hundred dollars for his share of the business, they could buy some clothes and get ahead a little, and Jimmy could take another salary, and they could get along. It seemed good.

"What will Forbes pay," she queried, "if he stays in?"

"Ten thousand dollars—cash."

"*Ten thousand dollars, cash!*" she echoed, faintly. It stunned her. Ten thousand dollars! Forbes must be a lunatic.

"Are you sure, Jimmy?" she queried.

"Why, of course," he answered, in a matter-of-fact tone; "but—Forbes isn't going to buy it out, because I won't let him. I'm going to buy Forbes out, first."

She smiled in spite of herself. "With—what, Jimmy?" she queried. "Ten thousand dollars, cash?"

"No," answered Dolliver, "and that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'm going to give him twelve thousand dollars in my notes—notes that I've got to pay. It's going to be a hard pull. I wanted to see how *you* felt about it."

"*Jimmy!*" It was a wail, almost of anguish. And then and there her opinion of Jimmy's mental ability underwent a complete change. It had stunned her at first to learn that any part or the whole of the business could be worth ten thousand dollars. She had even acknowledged that Jimmy—or Forbes, and probably the latter—must have had *some* ability to make a business worth that, but for Jimmy to turn his back on ten thousand dollars when the business would hardly feed them as it was—it seemed a crime! Jimmy must be a fool.

Jimmy heard her out. But he slowly shook his head. "*I* must decide alone. I must decide for *you*. I am doing it all for you, Natalie. If it were for myself, I would take the ten thousand, perhaps, but for you, I'm going to buy Forbes out."

For her! It was so idiotic! When she would be the sufferer! But Jimmy's mind was made up.

"Some day. Some day," he told her. It made but small impression on her mind.

In the midst of it all, a crisis was approaching. Jimmy recognized it. Jimmy had not known whether to be glad or sorry that Natalie had no mother. Now he was sorry that she had none. But the maternal instinct was alive in Jimmy, and he tried to be a mother to her. But Natalie viewed the crisis with alarm. Poverty, she thought, under the circumstances, was terrific, perhaps fatal. And her mind, warped and startled as it was, fixed itself and fastened upon one thing.

"I *will* have a trained nurse!" she would whisper to herself. "I *will* have a trained nurse! I *will* have proper care! I must, I must, I *must!*"

This, after a time, broke forth into sound. "I *will* have a trained nurse! I *must* have proper care!" It was upon her tongue all day long. One night she broke out, hysterically, with it, in the presence of Jimmy.

"Why, Natalie," he exclaimed, putting his arm about her, "you *have* one. You have had one for a long while. . . . I arranged it all, long, long ago. Everything is arranged. Everything. Don't you understand?"

She retreated, weakly. "But, but," she faltered, "we can't afford the luxuries."

"We must have the necessaries," he commented. She started. She had not understood before that a man who would walk to work and would wear disreputable shoes could realize—but she did not understand Jimmy Dolliver, that was all.

For the next year she really didn't care about money. She did not think even about the necessaries. For *she* possessed the maternal instinct, too, and little Jimmy Dolliver, when he arrived, became her life. As for big Jimmy, the paternal instinct was so strong in him that his business suffered through his late arrival in the morning, his early departure in the afternoon.

"I've got to get back to the kid," he told his foreman.

The foreman grinned. "Wait till you have eight, like me," he said.

The Dollivers kept on, living as best they might. Jimmy had all he could do to pay the notes as they came due. Natalie was glad that she had to stay at home, where her scant wardrobe made but little difference.

"As long as nobody knows," she told herself. But it was heartrending. Genevieve Lawson would come in, detailing the *fun*, the *times*, that G. J. and she would have—spending money. Money—everybody had money, save Jimmy Dolliver. And the old, old longing would come back to Natalie.

It was when Jimmy, Jr., was eighteen months old that Natalie made up her mind, one day, that she must go to New York, and—buy. She left Jimmy, Jr., at home, with Maggie, with minute directions covering every possible event that might arise.

In half an hour she was among the factories. She had some little difficulty locating her husband's place of business—it was in a dingy street. But she located *him* first. He did not see her. But she saw him and watched him. It was twelve o'clock. She was behind him. He strode along the street and turned a corner. She stopped, unseen. Around the corner was a fruit-stand, presided over by an Italian vender of gentle mien.

Jimmy Dolliver put his hand in his pocket. "How a-much?" asked Angelo.

"*Three* cents' worth to-day," replied Jimmy Dolliver. Angelo measured out a handful of roasted peanuts, slipped them into a bag and passed it over. Jimmy Dolliver slunk on down the street.

What frivolity! The idea of this man, her husband, dropping his business, to run out like a little boy and buy some peanuts at a stand. It was incomprehensible. It was absurd. She walked around to think about it, and to give him the opportunity to regain his office. Ten minutes

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THE IMITATION BAD MAN

A Chronicle of Long Hair and Short Nerve

By Emerson Hough

WITHOUT the Western miner, the Western cowboy and the Western desperado—all characters of which, in the nature of things, they perhaps have but little knowledge at first-hand—the makers of literature who dwell east of the Appalachians would be obliged in some measure to go out of business. This is no harsh stricture upon the Eastern product, but, on the contrary, unreserved and joyous commendation. Impartial folk who live in the West have no objection to the presence of strangers from the East who have lungs or who have not lungs; and they rather rejoice when the latter write about the West: it keeps them from writing about New England.

But what wise man can arise and explain by just what process of self-hypnosis or irresistible obsession there came to be established certain Eastern standards regarding certain Western types? Where did the Eastern idea about the West first originate, and what has rendered it so permanent, unvarying, and, as it were, so indestructible? How can a school of writing folk, leaning heavily upon poor Bret Harte, utter over and over again the same unspeakable inaccuracies and have them accepted as the Gospel of the West? How can the wisest of the wise account for the fearsome continuity of the car-window school of literature regarding the West? No man can answer this. It seems a sort of fate. The West itself was long ago resigned to it. If it be difficult to overtake a lie, it is far more difficult to overtake an entire fiction.

There is a stage Irishman, a stage Englishman, a stage Jew. You may not change these things. The people will not have any substitute. You may not alter, for instance, the popular conception of the Western cowboy. If he does not wear a six-shooter and "chaps" (although he himself never calls them "chaps"), and if his hat be not wide and white, why, then, so much the worse for the cowboy, for he is all wrong. The fact that Western cowboys long ago discarded the six-shooter has nothing to do with the conception of the average artist in regard to the proper dress; and a divine Providence alone can tell by what infinite variety of wit the average Eastern artist manages to show so many wrong ways of carrying a gun. But the West is resigned.

As to the imitation bad man, then, it was simply a question of supply and demand. There had to be imitation bad men to fill a long-felt want. The tourist and the author in search of "local color" demanded a bad man with long hair and a red sash and a gun and a heavy frown—and they got it. The imitation was not a thing needed in the West, not fairly to be called a product of the West, but was rather a corollary to the original bad man proposition as viewed from an alien standpoint.

The counterfeit bad man, so far as he has a place in literature, was largely produced by Western consumptives for Eastern consumption. Sometimes he was in person manufactured in the East and sent West. A typical instance of this sort of thing was the familiar case of Bill Germaine, of a city in New Jersey, now dead, if memory serves, these many years. Germaine was the owner of a target-gallery some twenty years ago, and, having read in the popular magazines of wild life in the West, he turned his hair loose, bought a buckskin shirt made at Niagara Falls, and then, feeling that he just could not stand it any longer, saved up three hundred dollars and started West. It was his intention to be a "scout." When he was as far West as the Missouri River he got off the cars at Mandan, North Dakota, and strode out upon the depot platform, long hair, long boots, long knife and all. Then he folded his arms, to the accompaniment of a heavy frown, and stood where the inhabitants could get a look at him. The inhabitants had never seen anything exactly like this, and they admired the spectacle very much. At last one of the citizens ventured to speak to him.

"Stranger," said he, "do you mind telling us where you came from?"

Germaine started, frowned a shade more deeply, and in a hollow tone replied: "My home is in the Rockies!"

"You surely do look right bad," said his interlocutor. "Did you ever kill very many folks?"

"I have smelled powder!" Bill replied in Delphic wisdom. This was true, for he had worked many years in a twenty-two-target gallery, which is somewhat smoky at times.

So he passed on. By the time he got to Yellowstone Park he was broke and could not get back home; but kind Fortune took care of him, as it does of many long-hairs. One day, as he stood somewhat hungry, but stern, on the depot platform at Cinnabar, a party of German tourists got off the cars. They did not speak the local language and were somewhat frightened, having also read Eastern fiction on Western topics. They saw Bill standing on the platform, long knife, high boots and all. They saw that he looked

The Skilled Use of Weapons was Once Desirable in the West

hairy, did not know he was hungry, and hailed him with joy. "This," said the leader of the party, "is our preserver in this wild land. With this bold scout to protect us, we will make our journey in safety."

So they timidly advanced and asked Bill how much he would charge them to guide them through the park.

"Ten per," replied Bill promptly, forgetting the language of the scout. Having been interpreted, the arrangement was, however, concluded, and Bill climbed on top of the regular park stage and "guided" his charges through the park, saving them from the tame bears, and from everything else except the hotels. As the tourists understood but little English, they were contented, and said farewell with profuse thanks. They paid Bill so much money that he took the cars back to Jersey and lived as a Western scout ever after. I am inclined to think, although I have no legal evidence, that he may later have made a living posing in certain accepted studios of the goodly city of New York.

It was, perhaps, the spell of the old West which brought out such phenomena as this. There is such a thing as being stage-struck, and, without question, many men at a certain time of our history were West-struck. The glamour of romantic adventure in the West was too much for them. I once met a man in the city of Chicago who for some seasons entertained his entire neighborhood with stories of his own performances in the Wild West. A friend and I passed with him one of the most interesting evenings I ever knew. The narrator, who was known as "Cap," described to us in perfect minuteness his experience on the Yellowstone, in the Big Horns, in the Judith Basin, showing a fidelity in detail which under other circumstances would have been admirable. Apparently, he was familiar with every foot of the country.

"He has a fine memory," I said in admiration to my friend after we had left him.

"Yes," was his ruminating reply, "one of the finest memories you ever saw—especially in view of the fact that he was never west of Chicago in his life. He works at the stockyards, and once in a while he sees a Western man there."

This I later found to be the truth. "Cap" was simply West-struck, and so thoroughly was he in touch with his times that he was practically ready for syndication, if not, indeed, for an artistic career.

The extreme type of West-struck man who insists on wearing during his work in an Eastern town a wide white hat with a leather string, and a red sash, in connection with a dialect invented by himself, is very much admired of some. I do not feel prepared to say to what extent he observes the historical verities of costume. He may have warrant for his preferences. Once I saw a man with a red sash

down in Texas, but he was a Mexican, and the foreman fired him next day. "I want fellows that come along in overalls," said the latter, "and that just wear a hat. These fancy fellows make me tired." But then the foreman was possibly not ready for syndication or for an artistic career. He could never persuade the American people that the wide white hat and the little high-heeled boot are things passing or past upon the cow range; and that the "Western" dialect as writ in the Western story foundry (where, apparently, one man does all the work under different names) has not yet appeared in the West.

It is easy to see the philosophical difference between the actual bad man of the West and the imitation article. The bad man was an evolution; the imitation bad man was an instantaneous creation: a supply born full panoplied to fill a popular demand. Silently there arose, partly in the West and partly in the East, men who gravely and calmly proceeded to look the part. After looking the part for a time, to their own satisfaction at least, and taking themselves seriously as befitted the situation, they in very many instances faded away and disappeared into that Nowhere whence they came. Some of them took themselves too seriously for their own good. Of course, there existed for some years certain possibilities that any one of these bad men might run against the real thing.

There always existed in the real sober, level-headed West a contempt for the West-struck man who wanted to seem "bad." Singularly enough, men of this type were not so frequently local products as immigrants. The bootblack bad man was a character recognized on the frontier—the city tough gone West with ambitions to achieve a bad eminence. Some of these men were partially bad for a while. Some of them, no doubt, even left behind them after their sudden funerals the impression that they had been wholly bad.

You cannot detect all the counterfeit currency in the world, severe as the test for counterfeit was in the old West. There is, of course, no great amount of difference between the West and the East. It was not any more the West than all America which demanded of its citizens nothing so much as genuineness. Yet the Western phrase, "to stand the acid," was not surpassed in graphic descriptiveness. When an imitation bad man came into a town of the old frontier he had to stand the acid or get out. It was pretty sure that his genuineness would be doubted by some one.

"My friend," said old Bob Bobo, the famous Mississippi Delta bear-hunter, to a man who was doing some pretty loud talking, "I have always noticed that when a man goes out hunting for trouble in these bottoms he almost always finds it."

Two weeks later this same man threatened a calm man in simple jeans pants, who took a shotgun and slew him impulsively.

Now, the West got its hot blood largely from the South, and the dogma of this Southern town was simply the same in the Western mining town or cow camp. The bad man or the would-be bad man had to declare himself before long, and the acid bottle was always close at hand.

That there were grades in counterfeit bad men was accepted as a truth on the frontier. A man might be known as dangerous, as a murderer at heart, might be feared, and yet be despised. The imitation bad man discovered that it is comparatively easy to terrify a good part of the population of a town, county or territory. He would be more apt to flourish in an old community. Thus the city of Chicago is one of the most dangerous places discoverable—life there is far more dangerous than life in the army or in the wildest Western region. The hard citizens of Arizona and of Alaska are afraid of Chicago, because they read the continual recountals of men killed there by imitation bad men, footpads who hold up a victim, giving him no chance for an "even break."

Sometimes this base imitation of a desperado is exalted in the public eye as the real article. A few years ago four misled hoodlums of Chicago held up a street-car barn, killed two or three men, stole a sum of money, later killed a policeman and yet another man, and took refuge in a dugout in the sandhills below the city, comporting themselves according to the most accepted dime-novel standards. Clumsily arrested by one hundred men or so—instead of tidily killed by three or four, as would have been the case on the frontier—they were put in jail, given columns of newspaper notice, and worshiped by large crowds of maudlin individuals. These men probably died in the belief that they were bad. They were not bad men, but imitations—nothing more than cheap and dirty little murderers. Perhaps they got their start in being West-struck through foolish writings about supposed Western characters. Bret Harte was forgivable, but Ned Buntline ought never to be forgiven.

Sometimes a skillful counterfeit of a bad man might pass current for quite a time; might even reach the dignity of being hanged or ordered to leave the community.

Hungry, but Stern, on the Depot Platform

For instance, Joel Fowler, of New Mexico, a notorious character of the Southwest, had killed probably a dozen men before he got into the hands of the law. He gave few of his victims much chance, but this left him none the less dangerous. When, at Socorro, he killed his foreman, Jack Cale, his best friend, who at the time was trying to take care of him and to protect him against his own drunken frenzy, the citizens of the dawning day in law and order arrested Joel, gave him a fair trial, and convicted him. His lawyers secured a new trial, which would put off the legal hanging about a year. The jail was old and the guard was expensive; so one morning a number of prominent men invited Joel out to a hanging in which he was to play the star part. Then it was that the supposed bad man showed that he had been only imitation bad all along. He wept, begged and pleaded, all, of course, to no purpose. His memory is not mentioned with respect in those parts to-day. "I didn't think *that* of Joel," was often heard in our little community.

Of course, we all feel able to detect the notoriety hunter who poses around in cheap pretentiousness. Now and then in the West there turned up something more difficult to read. Perhaps the most typical case of imitation bad man ever known, at least in the Southwest, was Bob Ollinger, who was killed by Billy the Kid in 1881, when the latter escaped from jail at Lincoln, New Mexico. That Ollinger was a killer had been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt. He had no respect for human life, and those who knew him best knew that he was a murderer at heart; but his reputation was gained otherwise than through the severe test of an "even break." Some say that he killed Chavez, a Mexican, as he offered his own hand in greeting. He killed another man, Hill, in a similarly treacherous way. Later, when, as a peace officer, he was with "old man" or "Dad" Pierce serving a warrant on one Jones, he pulled his gun and without need or provocation shot Jones through. The same bullet, passing through Jones' body, struck Pierce in the leg and left him a cripple for life. Pierce now resides near Roswell, New Mexico.

Again, Ollinger was out as a deputy with Sheriff Pat Garrett in the pursuit of a Mexican criminal, who had taken refuge in a ditch. Ollinger wanted only to get into a position where he could shoot the man, but Garrett, intent on capturing him alive, crawled alone up the ditch and, rising suddenly, covered his man and ordered him to surrender. The Mexican threw down his gun and said he would surrender to Garrett, but was sure Ollinger would kill him.

This fear was justified. "When I brought out the man," said Garrett, "Ollinger came up on the run with his cocked six-shooter in his hand. His long hair was flying behind him as he ran, and I never in my life saw so devilish a look on any human being's face. He simply wanted to shoot that Mexican, and chased him around me until I had to tell him I would kill him if he did not stop.

"Ollinger was born a murderer at heart," Garrett added later. "I never slept out with him that I did not watch him. After I had caught the Kid, I think Ollinger would have been glad to kill me for the notoriety of it. I never gave him a chance to shoot me in the back or when I was asleep. Of course, you will understand that we had to use for deputies such material as we could get."

Ollinger was the sort of imitation desperado that looks the part. He wore his hair long, as has been stated, and always affected the ultra-Western dress, which to-day is despised in the West. He was one of the very few men even at that time—twenty-five years ago—who carried a knife at his belt. When he was in such a town as Las Vegas or Santa Fe he delighted to put on a buckskin shirt, spread his hair out on his shoulders, and walk through the streets picking his teeth with his knife, or once in a while throwing it in such a way that it would stick up in a tree or a board. He presented a very eye-filling spectacle—was, indeed, an ideal imitation bad man. This being the case, there may be interest in following out his life to its close and in noting how the wearing of the bad man's title sometimes exacted a very high price of the claimant.

Ollinger, who had made many threats against Billy the Kid, was cordially hated by the latter. He, together with Deputy Bell, of White Oaks, had been appointed to guard the Kid for the two weeks previous to the execution of the death sentence which had been imposed upon the latter. The Kid did not want to harm Bell, but dearly hated Bell's associate, who never lost an opportunity to taunt him. Thus Ollinger had a double shotgun and some heavily-loaded buckshot shells in the guard-room.

"I reckon one of these things would do for a man all right, Billy," he once said, holding up one of the shells.

"You'd better look out," replied the latter, "or you will get one of them yourself."

This speech proved to have been prophecy. One day, when Ollinger was eating lunch across the street from the court-house where the Kid was confined, Bell was bringing the Kid upstairs from the jail yard. The agile little desperado sprang up the stairs, caught up a six-shooter from a room near by, and fired at Bell, killing him with a ricochet shot, as the bullet-holes in the wall testify to-day. Then the Kid ran into the next room and, picking up Ollinger's shotgun, stepped to the window which looked out across the street. Ollinger had heard the pistol-shot, and perhaps thought that Bell had killed the Kid and that there might

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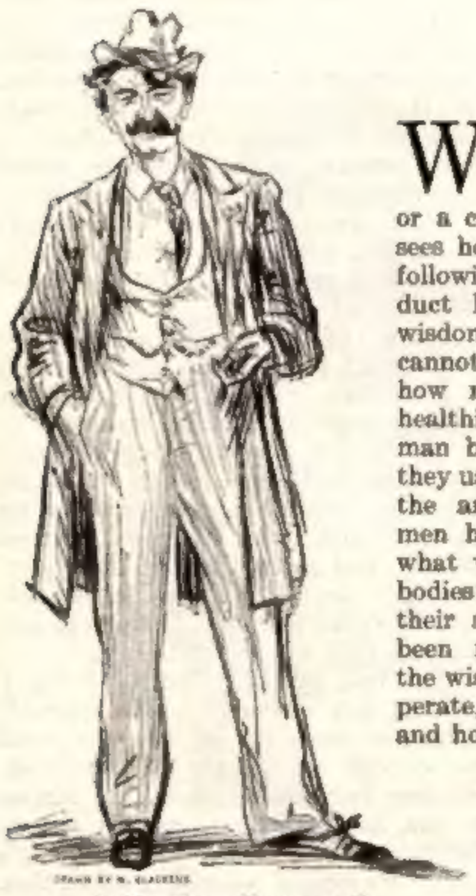
SOWN IN OUR WEAKNESS

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



In Our Town He was at the Head of His Profession

WHEN one comes to know an animal well—say a horse, or a cow, or a dog—and sees how sensibly it acts, following the rules of conduct laid down by the wisdom of its kind, one cannot help wondering how much happier and healthier and better human beings would be if they used the discretion of the animals. For ages men have been taught what was good for their bodies and their minds and their souls. There has been no question about the wisdom of being temperate, and industrious, and honest and kind; and the folly of immoderation and laziness and chicanery and meanness has been so well known that a geometrical proposition has not been more definitely proved. Yet only a few people in any community observe the rules of life, and of these few no one observes them all, and so misery, and pain, and poverty and anguish are as pestilences among men, and they wonder why they are set down in such a cruel world. It was Eli Martin who won the prize in the Bethel neighborhood back in the seventies for reciting more chapters of the Old Testament than any other child in Sunday-school, and the old McGuffey's Reader that he used on weekdays was filled with moral tales; but someway when it came to applying the rules he learned, and the morals that the stories pointed, Eli Martin lacked the sense of a dog or a horse. And once, when the paper had contained an account of one of Red Martin's escapades in police court, George Kirwin recalled that, when we offered a prize during the Christmas season of 1880, for the best essay by a child under twelve, it was Ethelwylde Swaney who won the prize with an essay on the weakness of vanity; and she married Eli Martin when she and the whole town knew what he was.

Naturally one would suppose that two persons so full of theoretical wisdom would have applied it, and that in applying it they would have been the happiest and most useful people in all the town; and instead they were probably the most miserable people in town, and Mrs. Martin, whom we knew better than Red, because she once worked in the office, was forever bemoaning what she called her "lot," though we knew for many years that her "lot" was not the result of the fates against her, but merely the inevitable consequence of her temperament.

Before we put in linotypes and set our type by machinery it was set by girls. Usually we employed half a dozen, who came from the town high school. They kept coming and going as girls do who work in country towns, getting married in their twenties or finding something better than printing, and it is likely that in ten years as many as fifty girls have worked in the office, and be it said to the credit of the girls—which cannot be said of so many of the boys and men who have worked in the shop—that they were girls we were proud of—all but Ethelwylde Swaney.

We called Ethelwylde the Princess. She worked in the office less than two years, but the memory of her still lingers, though hardly could one say like "the scent of the roses"; for the Princess was not merely a poor compositor, she was the kind that would make mistakes and blame others for them, and that kind never learns. Though she ran away to marry Red Martin—which was her own mistake—this habit of blaming others for her faults was so strong upon her that she never forgave her mother for making the match. We know in our office that Mrs. Swaney did not dream that the girl was even going with Red Martin until they were married. Yet the Martin neighbors for twenty years have blamed Mrs. Swaney. When the Princess was in the office we found out that the truth wasn't in her; also we discovered that she was lazy and that she cried too easily. Right at the busy hour in the afternoon we used to catch her with a type in her fingers and her hand poised in the air, looking off into space for a minute at a time, and when we spoke to her she would put her head on her case and cry softly, and the foreman would have to apologize to her before she would go back to work. And then she would have to take the broken piece of looking-glass that she kept in her capital "K" box and make an elaborate toilet before settling down. Moreover, though she was only seventeen, much of the foreman's time was spent chasing dirty-faced little boys away from her case, and if some boy didn't have his elbow in her quad box, she was off her stool visiting either with some other girl, or standing by the stove drying her hands—she was eternally drying her hands—and talking to one of the men. In all the year and a half she was in the office the Princess never learned how to help herself when she had to dump her type. She would call some man from his work to help her—when there would be more conversation.

But we kept her and were patient with her on account of her father, John Swaney, a hardworking man who was trying to make something of the Princess. So we put up with her perfumery and her powder rags and her royal airs, and we did all we could to teach her the difference between a comma and a period—though she never really learned; and we were still patient with her when she deliberately pied a lot of type after being corrected for some piece of carelessness or worse. We made due allowances for the Rutherford temper, which her father warned us not to arouse, but, nevertheless, her mother came to the office one winter day in her black straw hat with a veil around it, and with the coat she had worn for ten years, and told us that she was afraid working in the shop would hurt her daughter's social standing. So when the Princess walked out that night in a gust of musk—in her picture hat and automobile cloak, with her bangles tinkling and her petticoat swishing—the office knew her no more forever.

About the time that the Princess left the office to improve her social standing, Eli Martin and his big mule team came to town from the Bethel neighborhood. He was as likely looking red-headed country boy as you ever saw. We were laying the town waterworks pipes that spring, and Eli and his team had work all summer. On the street he towered above the other men several inches in height, and was big and muscular and masculine in his striped undershirt and blue overalls, as he worked with his team in the hot sun. Of course, the Princess would not have seen him in those days. Her nose was seeking a higher social level, and the clerks in the White Front drygoods store were upon the pinnacle of her social ideal. But Eli Martin was naturally what in our parlance we call a ladies' man, and he was not long in learning that the wide-brimmed black hat, the ready-made, faded green suit and the red string necktie which had swept the girls down before him in the Bethel neighborhood would accomplish little in town. So when winter came, and work with his team was hard to get, he sold his mules and bedecked himself in fine linen. He had a few hundred dollars saved up, so he lived in the cabbage smells of the Astor House, and fancied that he was enjoying the refinements of the great city. Time hung heavily upon him, and of nights he joined the switchmen and certain young men of leisure in the town in a more or less friendly game of poker in the rooms at the head of the dark stairway on South Main Street.

When spring came the young man had no desire and little need to go back to work; for by that time he was known as Lucky Red. In a year the sunburn left him and he grew white and thin. He went to Kansas City for a season, and became known among gamblers as far west as Denver. But he was only a tin-horn gambler in the big cities, and in our town he was at the head of his profession, so he came back and opened a room of his own. But he came back in a blaze of glory; to wit: a long gray frock coat with trousers to match, pleated white shirts studded with blinding diamonds, a small white hat dented jauntily on three sides, a matted lump of red hair on the back of his head and a dashing red curl combed extravagantly low on his forehead. Before he left town for his foreign tour Red Martin used to hang about the churches Sunday evenings, peering through the blinds and making eyes at the girls, but upon his return he had risen to another social level. He had acquired a cart with red wheels and a three-minute horse. So he dropped from his social list the girls who "worked out" and made eyes at those young women who lived at home gadding around town evenings, picking up boys on the street and forever talking about their "latest."

It was the most natural thing in the world that Red and the Princess should find each other, and six months before the elopement we heard that the Princess was riding about the country with him in the red-wheeled cart. For one way and another after she left the office we had kept track of the girl—sometimes through her father, who, being a carpenter, was frequently called to the office to fix up a door or a window; sometimes through the other girls in the office, and sometimes through Alphabetical Morrison, whose big family of girl school-teachers made him a storage battery of social information.

It seems that the Rutherford temper developed in the Princess as she grew older. Mrs. Swaney was Juanita Sinclair, and her father was a mild-mannered little man, who went out-of-doors to cough, but her mother was a Rutherford—a big, stiff-necked, beer-bottle-shaped woman, who bossed the missionary society until she divided the church. John Swaney, who is not a talkative man, once got in a crowd at Smith's cigar-store where they were telling ghost stories, and his contribution to the horror of the occasion was a relation of how, when they were fooling with tables, trying to make them tip at his house one night at a family reunion, the spirit of Grandma Rutherford appeared, split the table into kindling, dislocated three shoulder-blades and sprained five wrists. It was this Rutherford temper that the Princess wore when she slouched around the house in her mother-hubbard and her hair in papers. The girls in the office used to say that if her mother over-cooked the Princess' egg in the morning she rose grandly from the breakfast-table, tipping her chair behind her, and rushed to her room "to have a good cry," and the whole family had to let the breakfast cool while they coaxed her down. That was the Rutherford temper. Also, when they tried to teach her to cook, it was the Rutherford temper that broke the dishes. Colonel Morrison once told us that when the Princess thought it was time to give a party, the neighbors could see the Rutherford temper begin wig-wagging at the world through the Princess' proud head, and there was nothing for her father to do but to kill the chickens, run errands all day to the grocery store, and sit in the cellar freezing cream, and then go to the barn at night to smoke. It was known in the neighborhood that the Princess dragged her shoestrings until noon, and that her bed was never made up in the daytime in the memory of man. We are Yankees in our town, and these things made more talk to the girl's discredit than the story that she was keeping company with Red Martin!

But we at the office saw nothing to indicate her real self in the proud creature that passed our window so grandly. The year that Red Martin came back to town the Princess used to turn into Main Street of an afternoon, wearing the big black hat that cost her father a week's hard work, looking as sweet as a jug of sorghum and as smiling as a basket of chips. Though women sniffed at her, the traveling men on the veranda of the Hotel Metropole craned their necks to watch her out of sight. She jingled with chains, and watches, and lockets and chatelaines, and she carried more

The Traveling Men on the Veranda Craned Their Necks to Watch Her Out of Sight

rings than a cane rack, and walked with the air of the heroine of the society drama at the opera house. When she was on parade she never even glanced toward our office, where she had jeopardized her social position. She barely quivered a recognizing eyebrow at the girls who had worked with her, and they had their laugh at her; so matters were about even. But the office girls say that, after the Princess eloped with Red Martin, she was glad to rush up and shake hands with them. For we know in our town that the princess business does not last more than ten days or two weeks after marriage; it is a trade of quick sales, short seasons and small profits. The day that the elopement was the talk of the town, Colonel "Alphabetical" Morrison was in the office. He said that he remembered Juanita Sinclair when she was a princess and wore Dolly Varden clothes and was the playfulest kitten in the basketful that used to turn out to the platform dances on Fourth of Julys, and were belles of the suppers given for the Silver Cornet Band just after the war. "But," added the Colonel, "this town is full of saffron-colored old girls with wiry hair and sun-bleached eyes, who at one time or another were in the princess business. Not only has every dog his day, but eventually every kitten becomes a cat."

From the night of the charivari when Red Martin handed the boys twenty dollars—the largest sum ever contributed to a similar purpose in the town's history—he and the Princess began to slump. The sloughing off of the veneer of civilization was not rapid, but it was sure. The first pair of shoes that Red bought after his wedding were not patent leather, and, though the porter of his gambling place blacked them every morning, still they were common leather, and the boys noticed it. Likewise, the Princess had her hat retrimmed with her old plumes the fall after her wedding, and got no new clothes, and wore her giddy spring jacket, thin as it was, all winter, and after the second baby came no human being ever saw her in anything but a wrapper except when she was on Main Street.

She was Eternally Drying Her Hands—and Talking to One of the Men

The neighbors said she wore a wrapper so that she could have free use of her lungs, for when Red and the Princess opened a family debate, the neighbors had to shut the doors and windows and call in the children. But, for all the names she called him in their lung-testing events, there was no question about her love for the man. For, though she lost interest in her clothes after the first year of her marriage, and ceased calling for the "fashion leaf" at the dress-goods counter in the White Front, and let her hair go stringy, we around our office know that the Princess was only a child, who someway had lost interest in her old toys. When God gives babies to children, the children forget their other dolls, and the Princess, when the babies came, put away her other dolls, and played with the toys that came alive. And she spanked them and fondled them and scolded them with the same empty-headed vanity that she used to devote to her clothes.

Red Martin was one of the Princess' dearest dolls. And she and the babies were his toys, but being a boy he did not care for them so much with the paint rubbed off. Yet he did not neglect them. Instead, he neglected himself. When the babies began to put grease spots on his clothes, he did not clean them, and about the time his wife quit powdering when she came to Main Street, he stopped wearing collars. She grew fat and frowsy, and her chief interest in life seemed to be to overdress her children, and Red Martin sometimes encouraged her by bringing home the most extravagant suits for the boys, and sometimes he abused her when the bills came in for things which she bought for the children, and asked why she did not buy something half-way respectable-looking to wear herself. After one of their furious quarrels she would go over the neighborhood the next day and tell the neighbors that her mother had married her to a gambler, and ask them what a gambler's wife could expect. If any neighbor woman agreed with Mrs. Martin about her husband or her position Mrs. Martin would become angry and flounce out of the house. But if the women spoke kindly of her husband she would berate him and weep, and assure them that she had refused the banker, or the proprietor of the Bee Hive, or any one else who seemed to make her story possible.

By the time the third baby was old enough to carry his baby sister and the fifth baby was in the crib, Red Martin's

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LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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XIX—UDOLPHO (Continued)

I KNEW what I had to say to John Mayrant, but lacked the beginning of it; and of this beginning I was in search as we drove up among the live-oaks of Udolpho to the little club-house, or hunting lodge, where a negro and his wife received us, and took the baskets and set about preparing supper. My beginning sat so heavily upon my attention that I took scant notice of Udolpho as we walked about its adjacent grounds in the twilight before supper, and John Mayrant pointed out to me its fine old trees, its placid stream, and bid me admire the snug character of the hunting lodge, buried away for bachelors' delights deep in the heart of the pleasant forest. I heard him indulging in memories and anecdotes of late sittings after long hunts; but I was myself always on a hunt for my beginning, and none of his words clearly reached my intelligence until I was aware of his reciting an excellently pertinent couplet:

"If you would hold your father's land,
You must wash your throat before your hand——"

and found myself standing by the lodge table, upon which he had set two glasses, containing, I soon ascertained, gin, vermouth, orange bitters and a cherry at the bottom—all which he had very skillfully mingled himself in the happiest proportions.

"The poetry," he remarked, "is hereditary in my family;" and setting down the empty glasses we also washed our hands. A moon half-grown looked in at the window from the filmy darkness, and John, catching sight of it, paused with the wet soap in his hand and stared out at the dimly visible trees. "Oh, the times, the times!" he murmured to himself, gazing long; and then with a sort of start he returned to the present moment, and rinsed and dried his hands. Presently we were sitting at the table, pledging each other in well-cooled champagne; and it was not long after this that not only the negro who waited on us, was plainly reveling in John's remarks, but also the cook, with her bandannaed ebony head poked round the corner of the kitchen door, was doing her utmost to lose no word of this entertainment. For John, taking up the young and the old, the quick and the dead, of masculine Kings Port, proceeded to narrate their private exploits, until by coffee-time he had unrolled for me the richest tapestry of gayeties that I remember, and I sat without breath, tearful and aching, while the two negroes had retired far into the kitchen to muffle their emotions.

With No More Than Half-Melted Consciousness

"Tom, oh Tom! you Tom!" called John Mayrant; and after the man had come from the kitchen: "You may put the punch-bowl and things on the table, and clear away and go to bed. My Great-uncle Marston Chartain," he continued to me, "was of eccentric taste, and for the last twenty years of his life never had anybody to dinner but the undertaker." He paused at this point to mix the punch, and then resumed, "But for all that, he appears to have been a lively old gentleman to the end, and left us his version of a saying which is considered by some people an improvement on the original, '*Cherchez la femme.*' Uncle Marston had it, 'Hunt the *other* woman.' Don't go too fast with that punch; it isn't as gentle as it seems."

But John and his Uncle Marston had between them given me my beginning, and, as I sat sipping my punch, I ceased to hear the anecdotes which followed. I sat sipping and smoking, and was presently aware of the deepening silence of the night, and of John no longer at the table, but by the window, looking out into the forest, and muttering once more, "Oh, the times, the times!"

"It's always a triangle," I began.

He turned round from his window. "Triangle?" He looked at my glass of punch, and then at me. "Go easy with the Bombo," he repeated.

"Bombo?" I echoed. "You call this Bombo? You don't know how remarkable that is, but that's because you don't know Aunt Carola, who is very remarkable, too. Well, never mind her now. Point is, it's always a triangle."

"I haven't a doubt of it," he replied.

"There you're right. And so was your uncle. He knew. Triangle." Here I found myself nodding portentously at John, and beating the table with my finger very solemnly.

He stood by his window seeming to wait for me. And now everything in the universe grew perfectly clear to me; I rose on mastering tides of thought, and all problems lay disposed of at my feet, while delicious strength and calm

floated in my brain and being. Nothing was difficult for me. But I was getting away from the triangle, and there was John waiting at the window, and I mustn't say too much, mustn't say too much. My will reached out and caught the triangle and brought it close, and I saw it all perfectly clear again.

"What are they all," I said, "the old romances? You take Paris and Helen and Menelaus. What's that? You take Launcelot and Arthur and Guinivere. You take Paolo and Francesca and her husband, what's-his-name, or Tristram and Iseult and Mark. Two men, one woman. Triangle and trouble. Other way round you get Tannhäuser and Venus and Elizabeth; two women, one man; more triangle and more trouble. Yes." And I nodded at him again. The tide of my thought was pulling me hard away from this to other important world-problems, but my will held, struggling, and I kept to it.

"You wait," I told him. "I know what I mean. Trouble is, so hard to advise him right."

"Advise who right?" inquired John Mayrant.

It helped me wonderfully. My will gripped my floating thoughts and held them to it. "Friend of mine in trouble; though why he asks me when I'm not married—I'd be married now, you know, but afraid of only one wife. Man doesn't love twice; loves thrice, four, six, lots of times; but they say only one wife. Ought to be two, anyhow. Much easier for man to marry then."

"Wouldn't it be rather immoral?" John asked.

"Morality is queer thing. Like kaleidoscope. New patterns all the time. But I'm going to tell my friend he's doing wrong. Going to write him to-night. Where's ink?"

"It won't go to-night," said John. "What are you going to tell him?"

"Going to tell him, since only one wife, wicked not to break his engagement."

John looked at me very hard, as he stood by the window, leaning on the sill. But my will was getting all the while a stronger hold, and my thoughts were less and less inclined to stray to other world-problems; moreover, below the confusion that still a little reigned in them was the primal cunning of the old Adam, the native man, quite untroubled and alert—it saw John's look at me and it prompted my course.

"Yes," I said. "He wants the truth from me. Where's his letter? No harm reading you without names." And I fumbled in my pocket. "Letter gone. Never mind. Facts are: friend's asked girl. Girl's said yes. Now he thinks he's bound by that."

"He thinks right," said John.

"Not a bit of it. You take Tannhäuser. Engagement to Venus all a mistake. Perfectly proper to break it. Much more than proper. Only honorable thing he could do. I'm going to write it to him. Where's ink?" And I got up.

John came from his window and sat down at the table. His glass was empty, his cigar gone out, and he looked at me. But I looked round the room for the ink, noting in my search the big fireplace, simple, wooden, unornamented, but generous, and the plain plaster walls of the lodge, whereon hung two or three old prints of game-birds; and all the while I saw John out of the corner of my eye, looking at me.

He spoke first. "Your friend has given his word to a lady; he must stand by it like a gentleman."

"Lot of difference," I returned, still looking round the room, "between spirit and letter. If his heart has broken the word his lips can't make him a gentleman."

John brought his fist down on the table. "He had no business to get engaged to her! He must take the consequences."

That blow of the fist on the table brought my thoughts wholly clear and fixed on the one subject; my will had no longer to struggle with them, they worked of themselves in just the way that I wanted them to do.

"If he's a gentleman he must stand to his word," John repeated, "unless she releases him."

I fumbled again for my letter. "That's just about what he says himself," I rejoined, sitting down. "He thinks he ought to take the consequences."

"Of course!" John Mayrant's face was very stern as he sat in judgment on himself.

"But why should *she* take the consequences?" I asked.

"What consequences?"

"Being married to a man who doesn't want her, all her life, until death them do part. Having the daily humiliation of his indifference, and the world's knowledge of his indifference. Perhaps having the further humiliation of knowing that his heart belongs to another woman. That's not what a girl bargains for. His standing to his word is not an act of honor, but a deception. And in talking about 'taking the consequences,' he's patting his personal sacrifice on the back and forgetting all about her and the sacrifice he's putting her to. What's the brief suffering of a broken engagement to that? No: the true consequences that a man should shoulder for making such a mistake is the poor opinion that society holds of him for placing a woman in such a position; and to free her is the most honorable thing he can do. Her dignity suffers less so than if she were a wife, chained down to perpetual disregard."

John, after a silence, said: "That is a very curious view."

"That is the view I shall give my friend," I answered. "I shall tell him that in keeping on he is not at bottom honestly thinking of the girl and her welfare, but of himself and the public opinion he's afraid of, if he breaks his engagement. And I shall tell him that if I'm in church and they come to the place where they ask if any man knows just cause or impediment, I shall probably call out, 'He does! His heart's not in it. This is not marriage that he's committing. You're pronouncing your blessing upon a fraud.'"

John sat now a long time silent, holding his extinct cigar. The lamp was almost burned dry; we had blown out the expiring candles some while since. "That is a very curious view," he repeated. "I should like to hear what your friend says in answer."

This finished our late sitting. We opened the door and went out for a brief space into the night to get its pure breath into our lungs, and look to the distant place where the moon had sailed. Then we went to bed, or rather, I did; for the last thing that I remembered was John, standing by the window of our bedroom still dressed, looking out into the forest.

XX—WHAT SHE WANTED HIM FOR

HE WAS neither at the window, nor in his bed, nor anywhere else to be seen, when I opened my eyes upon the world next morning; nor did any answer come when I called his name. I raised myself and saw outside the great branches of the wood, bathed from top to trunk in a sunshine that was no early morning's light; and upon this, the silence of the house spoke plainly to me not of man still sleeping, but of man long risen and gone about his business. I stepped barefoot across the wooden floor to where lay my watch, but it marked an unearthly hour, for I had neglected to wind it at the end of our long evening. And then I saw a note addressed to me from John Mayrant.

"You are a good sleeper," it began, "but my conscience is clear as to the Bombo, called by some Kill-devil, about which I hope you will remember that I warned you."

He hoped I should remember! Of course I remembered everything; why did he say that? An apology for his leaving me followed; he had been obliged to take the early train because of the Custom House, where he was serving his final days; they would give me breakfast whenever I should be ready for it, and I was to make free of the place; I had better visit the old church (they had orders about the keys) and drive myself into Kings Port after lunch; the horses would know the way, if I did not. It was the boy's closing sentence which fixed my attention wholly, took it away from Kill-devil Bombo and my Aunt Carola's commission, for the execution of which I now held the clew, and set me puzzling for the right interpretation of his words:

"I believe that you will help your friend by that advice which startled me last night, but which I now begin to see more in than I did. Only, between alternate injuries, he may find it harder to choose which is the least he can inflict, than you, who look on, find it. For in following your argument, he benefits himself so plainly that the benefit to the other person is very likely obscured to him. But, if you wish to, tell him a Southern gentleman would feel he ought to be shot *either* way. That's the honorable price for changing your mind in such a case."

No interpretation of this came to me. I planned and carried out my day according to his suggestion; a slow dressing with much cold water, a slow breakfast with much good hot coffee, a slow wandering beneath the dreamy branches of Udolpho, this course cleared my head of the Bombo, and brought back to me our whole evening, and every word I had said to John, except that I had lost the solution which, last night, the triangle had held for me. At that moment, the triangle, and my whole dealing with the subject of monogamy, had seemed to contain the simplicity of genius; but it had all gone now, and I couldn't get it back: only, what I had contrived to say to John about his own predicament had been certainly well said; I would say it over again to-day. It was the boy and the meaning of his words that escaped me still, baffled me, and formed the whole subject of my attention, even when I was inside the Tern Creek church; so that I retain nothing of that, save a general quaintness, a general loneliness, a little deserted, forgotten token of human doings long since done, standing on its little acre of wilderness amid that solitude which suggests the departed presence of man, and which is so much more potent in the flavor of its desolation than the virgin wilderness whose solitude is still waiting for man to come.

It made no matter whether John had believed in the friend to whom I intended writing advice, or had seen through and accepted in good part my manœuvre; he had considered my words, that was the point; and he had not slept in his bed, but on it, if sleep had come to him at all; this I found out while dressing. Several times I read his note over. "Between alternate injuries he may find it harder to choose." This was not an answer to me, but an explanation of his own perplexity. At times it sounded almost like an appeal, as if he were saying, "Do not blame me for not being convinced;" and if it was such appeal, why, then, taken with his resolve to do right at any cost, and his night of inward contention, it was poignant. "I believe that you will help your friend." Those words sounded better. But—"tell him a Southern gentleman ought to be shot *either* way." What was the meaning of this? A chill import rose from it into my thoughts, but that I dismissed. To die on account of Hortense! Such a thing was not to be conceived. And yet, given a high-strung nature, not only trapped by its own standards, but also wrought upon during many days by increasing exasperation and unhappiness while helpless in the trap, and with no other outlook but the trap: the chill import returned to me more than once, and was reasoned away, as, with no attention to my surroundings, I took a pair of oars and got into a boat belonging to the lodge, and rowed myself slowly among the sluggish windings of Tern Creek.

Whence come those thoughts that we ourselves feel shame at? It shamed me now, as I pulled my boat along, that I should have thoughts of John which needed banishing. What tale would this be to remember of a boy's life, that he gave it to buy freedom from a pledge which need never have been binding? What pearl was this to cast before the sophisticated Hortense? Such act would be robbed of its sadness by its absurdity. Yet, surely, the bitterest tragedies are those of which the central anguish is lost amid the dust of surrounding paltriness. If such a thing should happen here, no one but myself would have seen the lonely figure of John Mayrant, standing by the window and looking out into the dark quiet of the wood; his name would be passed down for a little while as the name of a fool, and then he would be forgotten. "I believe that you will help your friend." Yes; he had certainly written that, and it now came to me that I might have said to him one thing more: Had he given Hortense the chance to know what his feelings to her had become? But he would merely have answered that here it was the duty of a gentleman to lie. Or, had he possibly, at Newport, ever become her lover too much for any escaping now? Had his dead passion once put his honor in a pawn which only marriage could redeem? This might fit all that had come, so far; and still, with such a two as they, I should forever hold the boy the woman's victim. But this did not fit what came after. Perhaps it was the late sitting of the night before, and the hushed and strange solitude of my surroundings now, that had laid my mind open to all these thoughts which my reason, in dealing with, answered continually, one by one, yet which returned, requiring to be answered again; for there are times when our uncomfortable eyes see through the appearances we have arranged for daily life, into the actualities which lie forever behind them.

Going about thus in my boat, I rowed sleepiness into myself, and pushed into a nook where shade from some thick growth hid the boat and me from the sun; and there, almost enmeshed in the deep lattice of green, I placed my coat beneath my head, and prone in the boat's bottom I drifted into slumber. Once or twice my oblivion was pierced by the roaming honk of the automobile; but with no more than the half-melted consciousness that the Replacers were somewhere in the wood, oblivion closed over me again; and when it altogether left me, it was because of voices near me on the water, or on the bank. Their calls and laughter pushed themselves into my drowsiness, and soon after I grew aware that the Replacers were come here to see what was to be seen at Udolpho—the club, the old church, a country place with a fine avenue—and that it was the church they now couldn't get into, because my visit had disturbed the usual whereabouts of the key, of which Gazza was now going in search. I could have told him where to find it, but it pleased me not to disturb myself for this, as I listened to him assuring Kitty that it was probably in the cabin beyond the bridge, but not to be alarmed if he did not immediately return with it. Kitty, not without audible mirth, assured him that they should not be alarmed at all, to which the voice of Hortense supplemented: "Not at all." They were evidently in a boat, which Hortense herself was rowing, and which she seemed to bring to the bank, where I gathered that Kitty got out and sat while Hortense remained in the boat. There was the little talk and movement which goes with borrowing of a cigarette, a little exclamation about not falling out, accompanied by the rattle of a displaced oar, and then stillness, and the smell of tobacco smoke.

Presently Kitty spoke. "Charley will be back to-night."

To this I heard no reply.

"What did his telegram say?" Kitty inquired, after another silence.

"It's all right." This was Hortense. Her slow, rich murmur was as deliberate as always.

"Mr. Bohm knew it would be," said Kitty. "He said it wouldn't take five minutes' talk from Charley to get a contract worth double what they were going to accept."

After this, nothing came to me for several minutes, save the odor of the cigarettes.

"Hortense Rieppe," began Kitty, "what do you intend to say to my brother after what he has done about those phosphates?"

"He is always so kind," murmured Hortense.

"Well, you know what it means."

"Means?"

"If you persist in this folly, you'll drop out."

Hortense chose another line of speculation. "I wonder why your brother is so sure of me?"

"Charley is a set man. And I've never seen him so set on anything as on you, Hortense Rieppe."

"He is always so kind," murmured Hortense again.

"He's a man you'll always know just where to find," declared Kitty. "Charley is safe. He'll never take you by surprise, never fly out, never do what other people don't do, never make any one stare at him by the way he looks, or the way he acts, or anything he says, or—or—why, how you can hesitate between those two men after that ridiculous, childish, conspicuous, unusual scene on the bridge——"

"Unusual. Yes," said Hortense.

Kitty's eloquence and voice mounted together. "I should think it was unusual! Tearing people's money up, and making a rude, awkward fuss that everybody had to smooth over as hard as they could! Why, even Mr. Rodgers says that sort of thing isn't done, and you're always saying he knows."

"No," said Hortense. "It isn't done."

"Well, I've never seen anything approaching such behavior in our set. And he was ready to go further. Nobody knows where it might have gone to, if Charley's perfect coolness hadn't rebuked him and brought him to his senses. There's where it is, that's what I mean, Hortense, by saying you could always feel safe with Charley."

Hortense put in a languid word. "I think I should always feel safe with Mr. Mayrant."

But Kitty was a simple soul.

"Indeed you couldn't, Hortense! I assure you that you're mistaken. There's where you get so wrong about men sometimes. I have been studying that boy for your sake ever since we got here, and I know him through and through. And I tell you, you cannot count upon him. He has not been used to our ways, and I see no promise of his getting used to them. He will stay capable of outbreaks like that horrid one on the bridge. Wherever you take him, wherever you put him, no matter how much you show him of us, and the way we don't allow conspicuous things like that to occur, believe me, Hortense, he'll never learn, he'll never smooth down. You may brush his hair flat and keep him appearing like other people for a while, but a time will come, something will happen, and that boy'll be conspicuous. Charley would never be conspicuous."

"No," assented Hortense.

Kitty urged her point. "Why, I never saw or *heard* of anything like that on the bridge—that is, among—among—us!"

"No," assented Hortense again, and her voice dropped lower with each statement. "One always sees the same thing. Always hears the same thing. Always the same thing." These last almost inaudible words sank away into the silent pool of Hortense's meditation.

"Have another cigarette," said Kitty. "You've let yours fall into the water."

I heard them moving a little, and then they must have resumed their seats.

"You'll drop out of it," Kitty now pursued.

"Into what shall I drop?"

"Just being asked to the big things everybody goes to and nobody counts. For even with the way Charley has arranged about the phosphates, it will not be enough to keep you with us—just by itself. He'll weigh more than his money, because he'll stay different—too different."

"He was not so different last summer."

"Because he was not there long enough, my dear. He learned bridge quickly, and of course he had seen champagne before, and nobody had time to notice him. But he'll be married now, and they will notice him, and they won't want him. To think of your dropping out!" Kitty became very earnest. "To think of not seeing you among us! You'll be in none of the small things; you'll never be asked to stay at the smart houses—why, not even your name will be in the paper! Not a foreigner you entertain, not a dinner you give, not a thing you wear, will ever be described next morning. And Charley's so set on you, and you're so just exactly made for each other, and it would all be so splendid, and cosy, and jolly! And to throw all this away for that crude boy!" Kitty's disdain was high at the thought of John.

Hortense took a little time over it. "Once," she then stated, "he told me he could drown in my hair as joyfully as the Duke of Clarence did in his butt of Malmsey wine!"

Kitty gave a little scream. "Did you let him?"

"One has to take care of one's self at times."

Kitty's disdain for John increased. "How crude!"

Hortense did not make any answer.

"How crude!" Kitty, after some silence, repeated. She seemed to have found the right word.

Steps sounded upon the bridge, and the voice of Gazza cried out that the stupid key was at the imbecile club-house, whither he was now going for it, and not to be alarmed. Their voices answered reassuringly, and Gazza was heard growing distant, singing some little song.

Kitty was apparently unable to get away from John's crudity. "He actually said that?"

"Yes."

"Where was it? Tell me about it, Hortense."

"We were walking in the country on that occasion."

Kitty still lingered with it. "Did he look—I've never had any man—I wonder if—how did you feel?"

"Not disagreeably." And Hortense permitted herself to laugh musically.

Kitty's voice at once returned to the censorious tone. "Well, I call such language as that very—very——"

Hortense helped her. "Operatic?"

"He could never be taught in those ways either," declared Kitty. "You would find his ardor always untrained—provincial."

Once more Hortense abstained from making any answer.

Kitty grew superior. "Well, if *that's* to your taste, Hortense Rieppe!"

"It was none of it like Charley," murmured Hortense.

Beneath the Dreamy Branches of Udolpho

"I should think not! Charley's not crude. What do you see in that man?"

"I like the way his hair curls above his ears."

For this Kitty found nothing but an impatient exclamation.

And now the voice of Hortense sank still deeper in dreaminess: "I think I want him for his innocence."

What light these words may have brought to Kitty, I had no chance to learn; for the voice of Gazza returning with the key put an end to this conversation. But I doubted if Kitty had it in her to fathom the nature of Hortense. Kitty was like a trim little clock that could tick tidily on an ornate shelf; she could go, she could keep up with time, but she didn't really have many works. I think she would have scoffed at that last languorous speech as a piece of Hortense's nonsense, and that is why Hortense uttered it aloud: she was safe from being understood. But in my ears it sounded the note of revelation, the simple central secret of Hortense's fire, a flame fed overmuch with experience, with sophistication, grown cold under the ministrations of adroitness, and lighted now by the "crudity" of John's love-making. And when, after an interval, I had rowed my boat back, and got into the carriage, and started on my long drive from Udolpho to Kings Port, I found that there was almost nothing about all this which I did not know now. Hortense, like most riddles when you are told the answer, was clear:

"I think I want him for his innocence."

XXI—HORTENSE'S CIGARETTE GOES OUT

JOHN was the riddle that I could not read. Among my last actions of this day was one that had been almost my earliest, and bedtime found me staring at his letter, as I stood, half undressed, by my table. The calm moon brought back Udolpho and what had been said there, as it now shone down upon the garden where Hortense had danced. I stared at John's letter as if its words were new to me, instead of being words that I could have fluently repeated from beginning to end without an error; it was as if, by virtue of mere gazing at the document, I hoped to wring more meaning from it, to divine what had been in the mind which had composed it; but instead of this, I seemed to get less from it, instead of more. Had the boy's purpose been to mystify me he could scarce have done better. I think that he had no such intention, for it would have been wholly unlike him; but I saw no sign in it that I had really helped him, had really shaken his old Quixotic resolve, nor did I see any of his having found a new way of his own out of the trap. I could not believe that the dark road of escape had taken any lodgment in his thought, but had only passed over it, like a cloud with a heavy shadow. But these are surmises at the best: if John had formed any plan, I can never know it, and Juno's remarks at breakfast on Sunday morning sounded strange, like something a thousand miles away. For she spoke of the wedding, and of the fact that it would certainly be a small one. She went over the names of the people who would have to be invited, and doubted if she were one of these. But if she should be, then she would go—for the sake of Miss Josephine St. Michael, she declared. In short, it was perfectly plain that Juno was much afraid of being left out, and that wild horses could not drag her away from it, if an invitation came to her. But, as I say, this side of the wedding seemed to have nothing to do with it, when I thought of all that lay beneath; my one interest to-day was to see John Mayrant, to get from him, if not by some word, then by some look or intonation, a knowledge of what he meant to do. Therefore, disappointment and some anxiety met me when I stepped from the Hermana's gangway upon her deck, and Charley asked me if he was coming. But the launch, sent back to wait, finally brought John, apologizing for his lateness.

Meanwhile, I was pleased to find among the otherwise complete party General Rieppe. What I had seen of him from a distance held promise, and the hero's nearer self fulfilled it. We fell to each other's lot for the most natural of reasons: nobody else desired the company of either of us. Charley was making himself the devoted servant of Hortense, while Kitty drew Beverly, Bohm and Gazza in her sprightly wake. To her, indeed, I made a few compliments during the first few minutes after my coming aboard, while every sort of drink and cigar was being circulated among us by the cabin boy. Kitty's costume was the most markedly maritime thing that I have ever beheld in any waters, and her white shoes looked (I must confess) supremely well on her pretty little feet. I am no advocate of sumptuary laws; but there should be one prohibiting big-footed women from wearing white shoes. Did these women know what a spatulated effect their feet so shod produced, no law would be needed. Yes, Kitty was superlatively, stridently maritime; you could have known from a great distance that she belonged to the very latest steam-yacht class, and that she was perfectly ignorant of the whole subject. On her left arm, for instance, was worked a red propeller with one blade down, and two chevrons. It was the rating mark for a chief engineer, but this, had she known it, would not have disturbed her.

"I chose it," she told me in reply to my admiration of it, "because it's so pretty. Oh, won't we enjoy ourselves while those stupid old blue-bloods in Kings Port are going to church!" And with this she gave a skip, and ordered the cabin boy to bring her a Remsen cooler. Beverly Rodgers called for dwarf's blood, and I chose a horse's neck, and soon found myself in the society of the General.

He was sipping whisky and plain water. "I am a rough soldier, sir," he explained to me, "and I keep to the simple beverage of the camp. Had we not 'rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of'?" And he waved a stately hand at my horse's neck. "You are acquainted with the works of Shakespeare?"

I replied that I had a moderate knowledge of them, and assured him that a horse's neck was very simple.

"Doubtless, sir; but a veteran is ever old fashioned."

"Papa," said Hortense, "don't let the sun shine upon your head."

"Thank you, daughter mine." They said no more; but I presently felt that for some reason she watched him.

He moved farther beneath the awning, and I followed him. "Are you a father, sir? No? Then you cannot appreciate what it is to confide such a jewel as yon girl to

(Continued on Page 18)

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One Year's Business

THE year 1905 set a new and tremendous pace in business. Farm products were the most valuable ever gathered in a twelvemonth. Bank clearings the country over were about thirty billion dollars greater than in 1904. The iron trade broke all records, shipments of ore from the Lake Superior region reaching thirty-four million tons, or about eight million tons above the best previous season. In short, practically all indicators showed phenomenal prosperity. At the end of the year individual bank deposits (excluding the deposits of one bank with another) reached the unprecedented total of eleven and three-fourths billion dollars, of which over three billions was in savings-banks. The average individual deposit per capita rose to $136, from $69 ten years before, and deposits in the Southern and Western States had increased about 200 per cent.

Mr. Rockefeller did not have it all. Wall Street enjoyed a monopoly of all the really important business troubles of the year. Some gross business abuses are going to be reformed; but a New Year's thought that The Common People might well take home with him is that he has a huge stake here, after all, and his hatred of rates should not lead him to overlook his proprietary interest in the house they infest. Never before in the history of the world was so large a body of people so well off. They ought to be better off, but in the stress of reformatory zeal the old adage about the bird in hand should not be forgotten.

Digging Up the Bone

THE full-fed dog, finding himself in possession of a bone for which he has no use, carefully buries it. Then, moved thereto by some mysterious instinct, he digs it up periodically, carries it some distance away and again interes it. His mind evidently derives an inexplicable satisfaction from this ghoulish process. We suppose that the human mind is constituted differently; yet the Government at Washington has the bone habit in an advanced form and regularly practices it.

The departments carry a large number of employees who are more or less incapacitated by age or other causes. Everybody knows it and deplores it. Nobody has the courage either to discharge or to pension them. Each year honorable secretaries refer to the fact in their annual reports, and the appropriation bills contain the stereotyped provision that none of the money is to be paid to inefficient public servants - and there the matter ends. In short, the Government dutifully digs up its bone, contemplates it a few minutes, and hastily reinters it until the following yearly resurrection day.

The bone-yard is by no means exclusively devoted to the aged-employees question. There is the admitted tremendous waste of the printing-office, which is periodically deplored, but which can be stopped only by hurting the feelings of many governmental gentlemen who love to see things in type, whether the things are valuable or not. There are confessed inequalities in salaries. Take up what annual report you will, from the President's down, and you will find "As urged last year," "I have before called attention," and other like warnings that some buried bone is about to be exhibited.

The sight of an old bone is pleasurable to dogs, but not to men. We think, in the general interest of governmental sightliness, Congress ought to appoint an old-bone committee—to be called the Committee on Moral Courage—which would take up the subject scientifically, ascertain whether Congress could be induced to do anything about the decayed employees, the printing waste and the like, and so assign these mouldy objects to a permanent resurrection or a lasting burial. They are approaching a state which it is not nice to mention.

The President and a Postmaster

THE President has appointed a new postmaster at Chicago. Mr. Coyne, thus retired, has given an admirable administration of this great office, on which sound business ground his retention was generally desired by the people of the city. The only reason for his retirement was that the local Republican machine, which is in bad odor and has been ignominiously beaten at the polls of late, wanted another man. Senator Hopkins, living outside of Chicago, insisted upon it. Senator Cullom was willing to oblige his colleague, and the President yielded.

The excuse made for the President is that the two Senators threatened to defeat the confirmation of Coyne. No doubt this was a bluff. But the President is deeply committed to reformatory railroad rate legislation. There will be opposition in the Senate. Naturally he was chary about antagonizing two members of that puissant body.

Oddly enough, the day after the new postmaster was appointed, the President's friend, Senator Spooner, apropos of quite another incident, declared in the upper house: "The greatest danger threatening this country to-day is the invasion by one branch of the Government of the rights of another."

Railroad rate legislation is highly desirable; but everybody knows it is really the President rather than Congress that is carrying it forward. In this Chicago case we find two Senators, in effect, naming the postmaster at Chicago, which is purely an Executive function. We can guess that if the Executive had not been so much interested in furthering legislation, the legislators would not have found it so easy to name a postmaster.

Of late years the Executive has assumed, or has been saddled with, a great amount of legislative responsibility. The reaction upon his own field must be highly important. Maybe all concerned would be happier if there were a complete swop, the President legislating, and Congress—or the Senate, which is really the only branch that counts—executing. At any rate, there ought to be a realignment—supposing that that described by the Constitution is really out-of-date.

Secretary Shaw's Idea

SOON after Mr. Shaw was made Secretary of the Treasury some metropolitan bankers, who did not like certain of his acts, privately described him as a farmer. Probably the characterization was a compliment. At any rate, it is pleasing to note that the intervening years of intimacy with sophisticating finance have not entirely robbed the Secretary of his simplicity.

He is now explaining that we must introduce the element of elasticity into our currency system by permitting the banks to issue unsecured circulating notes in times of stress, but that the elastic attachment must work "unobserved," lest the ordinary business man, noting that stringency currency is being issued, get the idea that there is need for it and thereby take alarm. The Secretary would have the patient take his dope hypodermically and unaware in order that he may be made well before he even suspects that he is ill. Application of the secret syringe, of course, would be intrusted to the bankers.

We believe Mr. Shaw, in fact, before coming to Washington, was rather more banker than farmer. He seems infected with that fraternity's superstition that the way to make the public feel confident is to keep it as much in the dark as possible.

For Federal Control

FOR a long time John R. Walsh was, probably, the most powerful individual in Chicago. It looked as though he had a system that nothing could beat. Mr. Walsh himself was a dominant figure in the local Democratic party. When John P. Hopkins, the Adonis of Cook County politics, was mayor, Walsh was the power behind the throne. He owned the most influential Democratic newspaper in that section. His first lieutenant and the vice-president of his bank, Fred. M. Blount, was as powerful in the Republican machine. Mr. Walsh had, moreover, mightily influential church affiliations. In time Walsh began using the assets of his bank to bolster his personal ventures in the railroad, granite and coal fields. It was the Comptroller of the Currency who, in spite of the banker's local power, forced a halt, with the result that the bank was put into liquidation under a sufficient guarantee that every depositor will be paid in full.

The case is very significant just now, when various enemies of Federal control of life insurance are urging that governmental supervision of the national banks has not saved depositors from loss.

In fact, in spite of some palpable mistakes, Government supervision of the national banks has been splendidly serviceable. From the institution of the system, forty-two years ago, 460 national banks have failed. The affairs of 361 have been wound up, with a final loss to depositors of thirty-one million dollars, or decidedly less than one per cent. of the present deposit liability. Depositors in failed national banks received seventy-one per cent. of their claims, whereas depositors in failed banks other than national received about forty-five per cent., and this does not include some other banks that were mere swindles.

Walsh lent about half the assets of his bank to himself It is exceedingly doubtful, in view of all the circumstances, whether there was any power outside of the Federal Government that would have brought the local potentate to book, even then, and forced liquidation so that all depositors would have received their money. Mr. Walsh's case, in fact, is a striking argument for Federal control.

A Life-Insurance Instance

OBVIOUSLY one of the first duties devolving upon Congress was to assault the life-insurance companies with a battery of wooden cannon. This duty was promptly and gallantly performed. In a case where the facts are so clear and public opinion so unanimous, it is scarcely in oratorical human nature to forego the opportunity of tickling the galleries. But in this life-insurance matter rhetoric has long since done its best and worst, and what was really important in the early debates was the disclosure of a decided opinion, especially in the more prosaic, but more powerful, upper house, that Congress has no jurisdiction over the subject.

While learned members at Washington were asserting a lack of Congressional jurisdiction, the trustees of the Mutual Life met to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of President McCurdy. For many years life insurance was conducted on the amiable theory that the security of policy-holders lay in the eminence of the gentlemen who managed the companies. In the Equitable crisis Mr. Ryan made an intelligent attempt to attract public confidence by calling in Grover Cleveland and choosing Paul Morton—a man very widely known as having exceptional executive ability—for the presidency. Since then, life insurance has been thoroughly ventilated, and it has been demonstrated that policy-holders are, in fact, helplessly in the hands of the men who manage the companies; that there are practically no bars between them and exploitation save such as may be imposed by the conscience of the president and his colleagues.

The Mutual Life trustees chose for president Mr. Charles A. Peabody. No affront is meant in the simple statement that nobody ever previously heard of Mr. Charles A. Peabody. For the great body of Mutual policy-holders the name might have been Smith or Robinson. In effect, the Mutual trustees say to policy-holders: "You must rely entirely upon the character of the president, and for president we give you a man quite unknown to you."

Rhetoric is not what these trustees really need.

Metropolitan Consolidated

WE HEAR that Mr. Ryan, who controls the street railways of New York, has agreed with Mr. Belmont, who controls the elevated and the subway, and that the result of this agreement will be a grand consolidated metropolitan transportation system with a grand consolidated capitalization of three hundred and fifty million dollars or so. There will be no haggling over such sordid details as a score or two of millions.

This capitalization consists of strata, like the crust of the earth, and to the student of civil government in America it offers a field for research of matchless richness. A geological survey would discover in it remains of most of the deviltry that has been done in Gotham the last generation, from the old red sandstone of Jake Sharp's Broadway franchise steal to the glacial drift of the wreck of Third Avenue a short time ago. We do not wish to dwell upon painful incidents of the past; but we do wish the grand consolidated company could see its way, purely in the interests of civic history, to prepare an accurate geological chart of the capitalization, showing which bonds belong to the period of old-fashioned bribery, and which appertain to the promotional age, also pointing out the scattered streaks of really honest money in the vast mass. The expense to the company would be trivial; the value to students of municipal government immense. It would be highly valuable, too, in convincing the New York public that the reason it must pay a five-cent fare for a long time to come is that for a long time in the past it would not watch and be sober politically, while the various bosses, who held power by virtue of such public lapse, took good care to make up in watchfulness of their personal interests all that they may have lacked in sobriety.

Wiping Out Our Wild Game

By NAT WETZEL

ARE the waste places of this country becoming so swiftly civilized that our wild game will practically be wiped out within the lives of the men who now find their pleasantest pastime in scouring woods, marshes and thickets with guns upon their shoulders? And if the answer is in the affirmative, then what is responsible for this unfortunate prospect and what can be done to mitigate the consequences of this threatened extinction of our best game birds and animals? These are questions of interest to the entire people of the United States—not alone to the sportsman who can afford expensive vacations.

Having retired from the business of hunting and buying wild game for the general market, and having handled, perhaps, more wild game than any other person, it is but natural that I should be inclined to defend the killing of game for market purposes. But there is an element in the situation which, it seems to me, the sportsman is inclined almost wholly to overlook. I refer to the rights of those persons whose limitations of purse or of employment forbid them to take advantage of the brief "open season" which the sportsman's energy and rapacity have steadily helped to shorten by forcing the hands of the lawmakers.

Are not persons of this class as much entitled to an opportunity to secure the delicacy of a wild fowl or a venison steak as are the men who can afford to belong to gun-clubs, take long and costly shooting trips, and charter special cars in order to get on the remote ground where the game is to be had in greatest abundance—and get there the very hour when the prohibitive law is off? I think they are. They should have a chance to go into the open market and buy the game they wish without paying a prohibitive price for it. In other words, the laws should not be framed with an eye single to the interests of the sportsman and with a preconceived hostility to the professional market-hunter—for the market-hunter is practically the only source through which the person who is not able to go out with a gun can get any game for his table.

An examination of the game statutes of any State, or of all the States, will, I think, convince any open-minded person that these laws are fundamentally hostile to the marketing of game, and operate to the distinct and especial advantage of the sportsman who "shoots for fun" and regards it as beneath him to sell his surplus game and thereby place it where the ordinary buyer can procure it. Then, too, it almost seems to me that the rights of the native—the man who lives in the game country—should be at least as carefully considered, in the framing of laws, as are those of the sportsman who comes out from the city for a holiday. In many cases—and particularly in the South—the wild game is as tangible an asset to the natives as the crops to be raised from the soil. In the swamp regions the natives are skillful hunters, but poor farmers. They feel that the game belongs to them and "goes with land." In other words, if they put up with all the disadvantages of wet and swampy land they are, so they feel, entitled to benefit by all of its advantages, and they reckon the game as the chief of these.

"Telling tales out of school" has always been a fascinating diversion—perhaps because it has its perils—and I confess to feeling its temptations. Frankly, I realize that many times, as a buyer of game, I have taken advantage of conditions which I should not willingly have brought about and which I would not attempt to justify; that I have bought the harvest of wholesale game slaughters which I would gladly have prevented. Often a big slaughter of game is merely an incident in the march of civilization—deplorable but inevitable! The opening of the Cherokee strip to settlement was of this sort.

Day after day, for a period of three months after the opening of "The Strip," my buyers brought in their corn wagons filled level to the top of the sides with prairie chickens instead of corn ears. There was no help for this slaughter; the birds were in the way of civilization and they had to be sacrificed—but it was a pity, for all that. Most of them brought only $1.50 a dozen, but now it is difficult to get the birds at from fifteen to eighteen dollars a dozen. And this suggests the observation that prairie chickens will be one of the first of our game birds to suffer practical extinction, in spite of all that the wisest laws and the firmest enforcement of them can do to protect the species.

The reasons for this are plain: prairie chickens cannot stand civilization, and as the wild prairies disappear these birds are bound to go. Another fact which bears on the elimination of the prairie chicken is that this bird takes to the open, and consequently is much more accessible to the hunter and more easily killed than the partridge. And, finally, it should be remembered that, next to the wild turkey and the woodcock, there is no game bird held in higher esteem by the hunter or the epicure than the prairie chicken.

One of the most skillful hunters of prairie chickens in America is J. J. Long, of Mobeetie, Texas. Not until I went out shooting with him did I realize what havoc a good hunter can accomplish when the chickens are plentiful. That day he shot and secured 133 birds, while I managed to bag sixty-six for my share.

James Robinson and Fremont Houston, who shipped chickens from Herrington, Kansas, and from Chambers and O'Neil, Nebraska, were among the most reasonable and conservative market-hunters in the business. Appreciating the fact that the table quality of a bird is made or lost within the first six hours after it is shot, these men equipped each of their hunting gangs with a portable ice-house into which the birds were packed directly from the wagon that followed the hunters. The ice-house was constructed in sections which could be quickly hooked together, the cakes of ice being kept in tin or zinc chambers. When the teamster of the outfit went to the railway station with a shipment of chickens he brought back a supply of ice. Portable refrigerating chests should—unless the weather is cold—be considered a part of the equipment of all hunting parties going out for a large quantity of game. Because the area in which prairie chickens breed plentifully is so swiftly contracting, I am convinced that in ten years these birds will be a rarity from the sportsman's point of view. It is true that they are still abundant in Indian Territory, Texas, the two Dakotas and Minnesota, but in Kansas, where they once were more than plentiful, they are now very scarce. There are still a few of them in Wisconsin and Illinois, which used to be among the best of the "chicken States."

It would be short-sighted to place the whole responsibility for the destruction of prairie chickens upon the shoulders of hunters. As a matter of fact, the prairie fires have slaughtered more chickens than the guns of all the hunters combined, and next in destructiveness to these rather delicate birds must be reckoned heavy spring rains.

"If I were to Shoot the Top One First the Other Two Would Fly at Once"

He Cannot Resist the Plaintive Call of the Hen Turkey

There has not been, I am fully convinced, anything like the decrease in the total number of wild ducks that sportsmen generally believe to have taken place in the last few years. This mistake in popular opinion is easily accounted for and involves a most interesting consideration. In railroad phraseology, the "local accommodation" has been cut out of the duck flight schedule, and the "limited"—without stop for fuel or water—has been substituted.

This is a matter which I have studied closely year after year, and I speak from special investigation. Not many years ago a flock of ducks from the Northern breeding grounds would fly across the United States to the swamps of the South at almost any point—the path pursued mattered little, because the whole general country was comparatively open then and afforded plenty of safe and attractive stopping points for feeding and resting. But, as the country became more thickly settled and the number of hunters increased, the ducks shifted their course to a line less beset with perils. This aërial roadway has steadily become narrower and narrower—covering, of course, the land where the most sequestered feeding grounds are found.

At the present time the greatest flights of ducks are over Utah, and of the States between the Canadian line and the Gulf coast this has the best duck shooting. More ducks settle in the vicinity of Corpus Christi than at any other point of the Gulf coast.

Because each year has increased the number of shots a duck must encounter in the course of his annual pilgrimage, he has not only learned to choose the line of least resistance, but he has also, as I have suggested, eliminated most of the way stations from his schedule. He has learned not to come down within gunshot of the earth unless positively obliged to, and then only at points where he has reason to expect practical immunity from hunters.

It has been clearly established that a duck can fly straight through from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico without stopping. Although millions of the birds alight once or twice on the way, the whole tendency is to keep above the clouds and pass swiftly over the thousands of miles of land intervening

between the swamps of the North and the cane-brakes of the coast. As a result, the number of ducks seen at the lakes and swamps of the intermediate States is much less than in the years when these birds alighted at almost every tempting feeding ground and "loafed" in a leisurely fashion all the way down to their winter resort. Go to the cane-brakes of the Gulf coast in the winter, and you cannot escape the conclusion that there are practically as many wild ducks as ever and that there is small danger of their extinction, particularly as the laws protecting them are each year becoming more stringent.

It is a fact, however, that the present laws in the coast States are not adequate to prevent the killing of large quantities of ducks under conditions that are prohibited. This present winter I was stopping with a friend near the coast and he asked me if I wished to see a sight that would remind me of the old days when I used to ship a hundred barrels of ducks a day. Of course I answered that I did, and he thereupon took me to a point upon the bank of the nearest river. There, in great heaps, were the bodies of at least 2500 mallards, stripped of their feathers and left to spoil.

When I exclaimed against such a wanton waste of fine game, he replied:

"Yes, that's so—but there's another side to the case. The boys—the native hunters about here—can get forty cents a pound for ducks' feathers, but the law prohibits the sale of the birds themselves. And when a man attempts to sell one of the birds he is caught with the goods right on him, as the saying has it. Now it looks to these boys as if the birds that come hereabout belong to them. At least, they don't take kindly to the notion of saving the ducks for Northern sportsmen—or Southern, either—to play with. Before the laws became so strict there was a much more general disposition on the part of the local hunters to obey them; but the boys don't like to be told to get off the earth entirely—and this kind of slaughter is the result. They'll stand for restriction, but not for prohibition."

This observation expresses the attitude of "native" hunters everywhere. They will submit to restraint, but when the entire year is closed to them—or practically the whole season—then they rebel and exercise all their shrewdness to evade the law and shoot all they can without getting caught. This may not be defensible—but it is fact, and it is also human nature.

Of all of our game birds I think the quail is least liable to extermination. One reason for this is that bobwhite is so friendly to man that he may almost be said to be a domestic bird. I know of fully twenty farmers in Wisconsin who noticed, last winter, that covies of quail came regularly to feed along with the barnyard chickens. In the fall they were decidedly shy, but before winter was over they paid almost as little attention to a human being as did the domestic chickens.

Then there is another reason why the quail will last longer than other birds. The cock quail has almost as strong a sense of domestic responsibility as the hen.

In Houston County, Texas, I discovered a quail's nest containing sixteen eggs and became much interested in it. One day I noticed that the little hen was gone and the cock was covering the nest in her place. From that time forward I kept close watch of him. He stuck tight to his post of duty, and after the little brood came out of the eggs he "mothered" the chicks as faithfully as the little hen could possibly have cared for them. She had probably fallen victim to a hawk, but this calamity did not wipe out the unhatched brood.

The cock prairie chicken, however, has no such domestic attachment as the quail. When the mating season is over, the prairie cocks gather in a stag party, leave the hens to their own devices, and put in their time holding crowing bees—always going to the same place each day for this vocal contest. They will not miss the spot of the previous day's tournament by so much as ten feet.

As a result of the unchivalrous conduct of the prairie cocks, any accident to the hen wipes out the entire family increase, and this has a marked effect upon the general rate of increase.

But to return to the quail. So far as the Northern States are concerned, I believe it a mistake to have no open season at all for these birds. Why? Because once in four or five years we have a severe winter with heavy snows that kill off all the birds gained by increase owing to the prohibition of shooting them. Would it not be better to allow a very short season—say two weeks—in which they may be shot, rather than to prohibit shooting them for a long period and have all the increase perish by the severity of the weather? Of course, this argument does not apply to the Southern States.

Broadly speaking, there are more quail in the country to-day than at any time in ten years past, and I have no fear that the time will come when quail shooting will not be a sport at the command of almost any hunter. Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Tennessee, Texas and Kansas are the best quail States under present conditions.

Next to the prairie chicken, the bird most imminently in danger of extinction is the wild turkey—the most splendid of all our game birds. He is now strictly a Southern bird and is most abundant in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and the timbered portions of Alabama. His plumage of burnished bronze, his long, graceful neck and his sharp, wedge-shaped head, graced with a beard often more than a foot in length, make him a king of game birds.

Although he is as shrewd and canny as a wild Indian, the hunters have learned his foibles and weaknesses, and slay him through these. He cannot resist the plaintive call of the hen turkey—and the hunter imitates this most successfully. Then, too, he will give his whole attention to a barking dog and allow a hunter to approach boldly within rifle range. Naturally, the hunters go out with "turkey dogs" especially trained to raise a furious "rough-house" when they get a gobbler up a tree. Scores of men who can afford it travel hundreds of miles each year in order to shoot turkeys. The hunters increase in numbers as the turkeys decrease, and consequently the time seems not far distant when they will be exterminated. I know that the plan of crossing them with domestic turkeys is entirely feasible. When I was a boy there were wild turkeys in the woods near our house. As a result, our turkey hens would hatch some broods unmistakably belonging to the wild gobbler. For these we always received a higher price at the store, because they were readily sold as wild turkeys—their peculiar coloring, large size and odd shaped heads distinguishing them from the other turkeys

I Have Known Hunters to Pick the Deer from the Ridges

of purely domestic lineage. Many a time have I hid behind a stump, as our turkeys were straggling home from the woods at night, and watched the wild gobblers escort the flock almost to the edge of the barnyard and then suddenly retreat to the timber.

Jacksnipe are, I think, just as numerous as ever, and I do not believe they will greatly decrease, so far as the country at large is concerned, although disappearing entirely from localities where they are now plentiful. Wherever the thrifty farmer begins ditching and tilling his wet lands, the snipe and the plover which have visited his pasture, in season, will depart to return no more. On the other hand, the rice fields of the South are swarming with increasing numbers of them.

These fields are flooded to about the right depth for snipe, and, as the area under rice cultivation is steadily increasing, the snipe is in little danger of extermination—especially as his legal protection is ample.

Although the costly woodcock is scarce, I do not believe his numbers are decreasing. So carefully is he protected that his chances for increase are excellent. He does not make any eccentric demands in the matter of home or climate. All he asks is a snug and secluded gully, the sides of which are grown with low bushes and patches of briers. He is the first of all the game birds to come North in the spring, and I have found a woodcock's nest and eggs when the snow was still on the ground. Because of his peculiar feeding habits, he is comparatively easy to hunt. Find a bit of damp soil which is peppered with holes about the size of a lead-pencil end, and you may know that a woodcock has been there plugging for worms and that he will return again in the morning or evening.

Both woodcock and jacksnipe may be "stalked" with a dark lantern and taken alive. Frog hunters often find snipe along the banks of rivers and swamps. Under the dazzle of the dark lantern's flash they crouch and blink until the hand of the hunter closes upon them. Woodcock spend their nights in brier patches and are equally dazed by the glare of the dark lantern.

Partridges are not easy to kill and will, in my opinion, stay with us a long time. Although generally very crafty and always quick in their movements, they have their special points of foolishness, and one of these was taught me by my grandfather almost as soon as I began to go out hunting. A trio of partridges had lighted in a small tree, on the edge of the woods, a little distance ahead of us. Our dog, who had been well trained, was under the tree, barking, jumping about, and putting up an entertainment that seemed to command the entire attention of the birds.

"You notice," said my grandfather, "that one partridge is almost at the top of the tree, the other a little lower down, and the third one still lower. Now, if I were to shoot the top one first, the other two would fly at once. But I'm going to begin with the bottom one, and the other two will stay and let me pick them off in turn, so long as the dog keeps up his part of the show."

Within five minutes the old muzzle-loading rifle had brought down all three of the birds and grandfather considered that he had given practical proof of his proposition. But, boy like, I had a surprise in store for him. A little later, when we had more birds treed, I said to him: "Now, grandpa, you can show me that the others will fly if you shoot the top one first." This seemed to amuse him greatly, and, when he had done laughing, he shot the highest partridge. As it fell through the branches, the others instantly took to wing. The lesson of that day has brought me many a partridge that otherwise would have escaped.

Of the game animals the elk will undoubtedly be the first to suffer practical extinction—and that misfortune cannot long be postponed, even with the best legislation rigidly enforced. The elk cannot stand proximity to human settlement. However, this consideration does not justify the wanton slaughter of these noble animals that has taken place for years past, whenever the hunters came upon a big herd. At these times I have bought from hunters, years ago, carloads of the choicest cuts of elk meat with the hide on them. This means that only the tidbits and the antlers were saved.

At a later period I have known hunters to go out, at the time of an overflow, and pick the deer from the ridges or high points where they had taken refuge. Sometimes a single knob yielded the hunters a half-dozen deer. These deer were killed for their skins, which brought about seventy-five cents each. But of all the monuments of man's wanton slaughter of game animals the great mountains of buffalo bones at the foot of certain bluffs in Wyoming and in western Canada are the most startling. These show that the hunters organized a "drive" by which thousands of the animals were forced over the brink of a high precipice and thus made to kill themselves by wholesale. Of course, the object of such a drive was to obtain thousands of skins without the expenditure of powder and ball.

There is another kind of slaughter which is just now claiming the attention of all sportsmen who hunt deer and of their families. The number of hunters who are killed "by mistake" is something appalling. More than that, I believe this terrible loss of human life to be practically without excuse. Two causes are responsible for it: the use of powerful, long-range rifles and the mistaking of hunters for deer. So long as hunters are permitted to go out after deer with clothing that is much the same color as the coat of a deer, other hunters will continue to mistake the wearers of such clothes for deer, and, in the excitement of making sure not to let the game escape, the unsuspecting hunter will meet the death intended for the supposed deer. Every State should have a law prohibiting a hunter from going into the woods in the deer season without wearing a jacket or cap (or both) of a certain prescribed color, so bright that it cannot be mistaken for the dun coat of a deer. Maine has a law of this character and other States should follow her example. Dressed in the regulation tan hunting cap and jacket, I have stood within ten paces of a buck and the animal did not identify me. If the eyes of a buck didn't spot me for a hunter, how could I expect another hunter to make the distinction when every surface indication suggested that I was a deer that would be out of range in a minute if he didn't shoot quick?

When a hunter argues in favor of the modern long-range projectile rifle for deer shooting, I simply ask: "What do you want of a steel bullet that will kill at a distance of two or three miles, when there is not one deer in a thousand that is seen at a distance of more than 150 yards? And what is the sense of using a rifle powerful enough to shoot through six bucks, lined up in a row for slaughter, when you have no hope of killing more than one at a time?" Rifles of the power now used by city sportsmen who go into the North woods for deer are permissible in the hunting of grizzly bears and tigers, but they are entirely out of place in deer shooting and should be prohibited.

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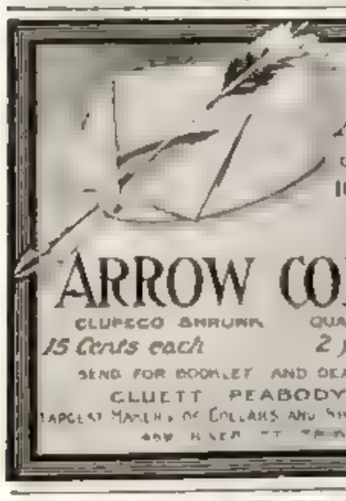

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SOWN IN OUR WEAKNESS

Concluded from Page 9

face had begun to grow purple. He lost the gambling-room which was once his pride; it was operated by a youth with a curly black mustache, whose clothes recalled the days of Red's triumph. Red was only a dealer, and his trousers were frayed at the bottom and he shaved but once a week. But the Princess used to come slinking up Main Street of nights carrying a pistol under her coat to use if she found the woman with him. Who the woman was the neighbors never knew, but the Princess gave them to understand that they would be surprised if she told them. It was her vanity to pretend that the woman was a society leader, as she called her, but the boys around the poker-dive knew that Red Martin's days as a heart-breaker were gone. For what whisky and cocaine and absinthe could do for Red to hurry his end they were doing, but a man is a strong beast, and it takes many years to kill him. Also, the Lord saves men like Red for horrible examples, letting them live long that He may not have to waste others. But women seem to have God's pity and He takes them out of their misery quicker than men. So with the coming of the seventh baby the Princess died. When the news came to the office that she was gone we were not sorry, for life had little for her. Her looks were gone; her health was gone; her dreams were smudged out—pitiful and wretched and sordid as they were, even at the best. Yet for all that George Kirwin took down to the funeral a wreath which the office force bought for her.

To know George Kirwin casually one would say he never saw anything but the types and the machinery in the back room of our office. When he went among strangers he seemed to be looking always at his hands or studying his knees, and his responses to those he did not know were "aye, aye and nay, nay." But that night he told us more about the funeral of the Princess than all the reporters on the paper would have learned. He told us how the pitiful little parlor with its advertising chromos and its soap-prize lamp was filled with the women who always come to funerals in our town—funerals being their only diversion; how they sat in the undertaker's chairs with their handkerchiefs carefully folded and in their hands during the first part of the service, waiting for Brother Hopper to tell about his mother's death, which he never fails to do at funerals, though the elders have spoken to him about it, as all the town knows; how Red Martin shaved for the occasion, and in a borrowed suit of clothes stood out by the well and did not come into the house during the services; how only the elder children sat in the front room with the mourners, and how the prattle of the little ones in the kitchen ran through the parson's prayer with heart-breaking insistence.

George seemed to think that the poverty-stricken little makeshifts to bring beauty into the miserable home and keep up the appearance of a kind of gentility—perhaps for the children—was the best thing he ever knew about the Princess, and he said he was glad he went to the funeral; for the geraniums in the crêpe-paper-covered tomato cans, and the cheap lace curtains at the windows—even though some of the panes were gone—and the hair-wreath inheritance from the Swaneys made him think that the best of the Princess might have survived all the rack and calamity of the years.

When the funeral left the house the neighbor women came and put it in order, and there was a better supper waiting for the father and the children than they had eaten for many years. And then, after the dishes were put away, the neighbors left, and for what he tried to do and be for the motherless brood just that one night God will put down a good mark for Eli Martin—even though the man failed most sadly.

When he went back to the gambling-room the next night, where he was porter, men tried not to swear when he was in earshot, and the next day they swore only mild oaths around him, out of respect for his grief. But the day after they forgot their compunctions, and, within a week, Red Martin seemed to have forgotten, too. In time, the family was scattered over the earth—divided among kin, and adopted out, and as the town grew older its conscience quickened and the gambling-room was closed, whereupon Red Martin went to Huddleston's livery stable, where he worked for enough to keep him in whisky and laudanum, and ate only when some one gave him food.

He grew dirty, unkempt and dull-witted. And disease bent and twisted him hideously. When he was too sick to work he went to the poorhouse, and came back weak and pale, and sat much in the sun on the south side of the building like a sick dog. When he is lying about the street drunk, little boys poke sticks at him and flee with terror before him when he wakes to blind rage and stumbles after them. It is hard to realize that this disgusting, inhuman-looking creature is the Red Martin of twenty years ago, who, in his long gray frock coat, patent-leather shoes, white hat and black tie, walked serenely up the steps of the bank the day it failed, tapped on the door-pane with his revolver barrel, and, when a man came to answer, made him open, and backed out with his revolver in one hand and his diamonds and money in the other. He does not recall in any vague way the Red Martin who gave the town a month's smile when he said, after losing all his money on election, that he had learned never to bet on anything that had less than four legs and could talk. That Red Martin has been dead these many years; perhaps he was no more worthy than this one who hangs on to life, and bears the name and the disgrace that his dead youth made inevitable.

How strange it is that a man should wreck himself, and blight those of his own blood as this man has done! He knew what we all know about life and its rules. He had been told, as we are all told in a thousand ways, that bad conduct would bring sorrow to the world, and that pain and wretchedness are the only rewards of that behavior which men call sin. And yet there he is sitting on his hunkers near the stable with God's stamp of failure all over his broken, battered body—put there by Red Martin's own hands. But George Kirwin, who often thinks with a kindlier spirit than others, says we are Red Martin's partners in iniquity—for we all lived here with him, maintaining a town that tolerated gambling and debauchery—and that, in some way, we shall each of us suffer as Red has suffered, in so much as each has his share in his neighbor's shame.

We tell George he is getting old, though he is still on the bright side of forty, because he likes to come downtown of evenings and hold a parliament with Henry Larmy and Dan Gregg and Colonel Morrison. Sometimes they hold it in the office and settle important affairs. A month ago they settled the immortality of the soul, and the other night, returning to their former subject, the question came up: What will become of Red Martin when he goes to Heaven? Dan contended that the poor fellow is carrying around his own little blow-pipe hell as he goes through life. George Kirwin maintained that Red Martin would enter the next world with the soul that died when his body began to live in wickedness; that there must have been some imperishable good in him as a boy, and that Heaven, or whatever we decide to call the next world, must be full of men and women like Red Martin—some more respectable than he—whose hell will be the unmasking of their real selves in the world where we "shall know as we are known." And while we were sitting in judgment on poor Red Martin, in toddled Simon Mehronay, who came to town from New York with the vestal virgin who had, as he expressed it, snatched him as a brand from the burning. Mehronay has been gone from town nearly twenty years, and until they told him he did not know how Red Martin had fallen. When we told him, Mehronay sighed and tears came into his dear old eyes, and he put his hand on Colonel Morrison's arm and said:

"Poor Red! Poor Red! A decent, brave, big-hearted chap! Why, he's taken whisky away from me a dozen times! He's won my money from me to keep it over Saturday night. Why, I'm no better than he is! Only they've caught Red, and they haven't caught me. And when we stand before the judgment-seat I can tell a damsite more good things about Red than he can about me. I'm going out to find him and get him a square meal."

And so, while we were debating, Mehronay went down the Jericho road looking for the man who was lying there, beaten and bruised and waiting for the good Samaritan.

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A CORNER IN EGGS

The Story of a Clever Farmer

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

WHETHER or not the following conversation, reported to have taken place between three millionaires, can be vouched for as verbally correct, the lesson which it contains hardly needs any explanation.

"It is in the new things, always in the new things that the poor young men will find their chance," remarked the first millionaire. "The old things are always monopolized. It was so in my day. It will be so in my grandson's day."

"True," replied the second. "I made my money out of shoddy. Shoddy in my youth was a new thing. It seemed miraculous in those days to turn old cloth into new cloth. People said I was a fool to enter such an untried field."

And the third millionaire spoke in a similar vein, recounting how he had made his fortune out of new things, and dwelling upon the possibilities of present day young men in embarking in business ventures out of the ordinary.

The new things—lying next to us often—are sometimes the hardest to find. In a country of such diversified products, and with such enormous natural resources, it would be idle to imagine that all the great possibilities for making fortunes were absorbed by capitalists, or to reason that the poor young men have no such chance for success as their fathers and grandfathers. Our farms, gardens, ranches, mines and forests are teeming with great opportunities for the shrewd, but it requires some insight to grasp the chance, and this is not given to all of us. Constant illustrations of this fact are turning up in the daily papers, and every time we read of the success of one we say: "How simple! How is it that nobody thought of that idea before?"

A Rising Market

There strolled into Washington Market, New York, the other day a tall, ungainly, but strikingly youthful man, who asked of a commission merchant: "How's eggs? Going up higher?"

The dealer in eggs assured the questioner that they were going "sky high" before spring sprouted the new grass.

"Well, I'll hold on a bit longer then."

When the tall farmer had disappeared the merchant remarked:

"There's a man who will some day have a corner in eggs. He's got several hundred cases of eggs now waiting for higher prices. They cost him ten and twelve cents a dozen, and he'll get thirty or forty for them before the season is over."

"How did he get them so cheap?"

"Go and ask him; he'll tell you."

This suggestion was responsible for a trip down on Long Island where one young man is slowly working out the momentous question of how to make a good living, and possibly a fortune, from a small poultry farm. The farmer, who "had several hundred cases of eggs" to sell was not averse to explaining his method. He owned a small poultry farm thirty miles from New York City.

"So they think I'm likely to get a corner in eggs, eh?" he chuckled when the commission merchant's words were repeated to him. "Oh, no, there's no danger of that. But I'm making a little money, and by another year I'm going to increase the plant. I'm just trying to beat the speculators and cold-storage men at their own game—that's all.

"How do I do it?" he continued in answer to a further question. "Come out to the plant and I'll show you."

He led the way across the poultry farm to a low, squat building about twenty-five feet square, roughly shingled on the outside, and roofed with tin to shed the water. When he unlocked the door and walked inside, a draft of dry, cold air swept our faces. A glance upward showed tier upon tier of cases of eggs, nearly four hundred in all.

"This is the secret of the whole business," the young farmer continued. "Instead of sending my eggs to the city in July and August for the cold-storage men and speculators to snap up cheap, I keep them here until winter, and then I get top prices for them. It's what any man can do, but I don't know of any one around here who does it."

Pressed to give some of his experiences which led up to this novel venture, he said:

"There isn't much to tell. I started in here ten years ago, and tried to make a living with eggs and poultry. I didn't have much capital, but I thought I could make it a go. I was brought up on a farm, and knew something about chickens. I knew that eggs sold in summer hardly pay for the keep of the chickens, and that chickens which laid many eggs in winter were as rare birds as the Dodo. I tried all sorts of food to make them lay more eggs in cold weather. I had heard that winter-laying hens could be raised, and I experimented with all sorts of breeds. But I didn't have much luck. Somehow, the cold weather just stopped them from laying, and when they began again prices for eggs were 'way down."

The Spur of Failure

"Now, it's pretty annoying to have a flock of several hundred hens when you read in the papers that eggs are selling from forty to sixty cents a dozen, and not a dozen eggs laid a day on the farm. It struck me as most unnatural. I felt like wringing their necks. I fed them with warm food, built them a nice, sunny feeding ground, and made them as comfortable as possible. But it was no use. I couldn't make them lay much in winter.

"Then I decided I'd try keeping their eggs. I tried liming them, and this brought in better profits. But limed eggs only command good prices in special seasons. They are sold mostly to the bakers. Nobody ever thinks of eating fried limed eggs for breakfast. A good limed egg may taste as good as a cold-storage egg, but the look of it kills it. You can't stare a limed egg in the face and imagine you are eating a fresh one. But you can a cold-storage egg. I've got some August eggs in this house which are just as fresh as those laid yesterday. They will cook just as well, and you could never tell the difference.

"I saw that cold-storage eggs sold in the winter as high as twenty-five and thirty cents a dozen. They do it now, every winter. The supply of fresh eggs never comes up to the requirements. And do you know the winter demand for eggs is increasing so much faster than the supply that I believe in ten years we will have to pay seventy and eighty cents a dozen for fresh eggs, and forty and fifty cents for best storage eggs? The big storage companies know that, too, and they are planning for it. There are being built to-day a dozen big storage warehouses which will accommodate thousands of cases of eggs for the future.

"Well, I simply made up my mind that I could store eggs as well as the speculators. I put $300 into this storage house and made the experiment. I stored one hundred cases the first winter, and got twenty-five cents a dozen for them, nearly twelve cents more than I could get for them in the summer when fresh. Two years ago I enlarged the storage house, and next summer I'll build again. I want to be able to store a thousand cases before I'm through.

"I can do it cheaper than the storage companies in the city. I can get ice for the cost of labor in cutting and filling the house, and land is cheaper here than in the city. The interest on my investment is small. I not only save all my summer eggs, but I buy hundreds from my neighbors. I don't see why more farmers do not go into the same business. There's money in it, and great possibilities for the future. In time, I imagine, most farmers will have their cold-storage farms where they can keep their eggs and butter for high winter prices. But the biggest profits will come to those who get in on the ground floor before every other fellow has scrambled in. Then it will be about time to try something else—to manufacture artificial eggs that seem like natural ones, or invent a wooden hen that will lay eggs when you squeeze it."

The success of this young man's venture contains so much of novel interest—and yet it is so simple—that a few words of description of the cold-storage plant are worth while. He started in with a cold-storage house only ten feet square, but large enough to hold one hundred cases of eggs. The eggs were stored in the house daily from May to August as fast as laid, and throughout the warm season they were kept in a temperature ranging from thirty-two to fifty-five degrees. An egg kept in such a temperature does not grow stale, and cold-storage eggs six months after laying are fresher than eggs a week old which are kept in a temperature above sixty degrees.

The cold-storage house was a simple affair. The foundations were of concrete, and the floor inside of wood laid over a space filled with sawdust. There were two walls, with a ten-inch space between for sawdust filling. The ice was stored in a room above the cold-storage place, and carried on a floor lined with zinc so that the water could not leak through. There were two entrances: one below, which opened into the storage room, and the other above, for filling the ice-room.

The walls were built of two-by-four-inch studs, and seven-eighths'-inch hemlock boards, nailed down. Waterproof building paper was fastened on either side. Good, dry sawdust was packed in between the two walls. The studding to carry the upper floor was four-by-four, and set two feet apart through the centre. The zinc covering of this floor sloped to one corner, and connected with a drain-pipe to carry over the drip. The two entrances were protected by double doors, with an air space between, and the roof had a ten-inch space between it and the sawdust filling on top of the ice.

Fresh Air for Old Eggs

Two tons of ice could be packed in this house, and one hundred cases of eggs stored below. The eggs were stored in open crates so that air could circulate freely. An open ventilation-pipe extended to the roof to carry out the foul air, and an outside ventilating-pipe entered the storage room near the foundation.

This storage house cost $300 complete, and a clean, dry temperature of thirty-two to thirty-five degrees was easily maintained throughout the summer. The ice was sufficient to keep the place cold from one season to another. The eggs were gathered daily and put in the storage house so that they were chilled to the proper temperature soon after laying. Eggs which would hardly bring twelve cents a dozen in summer were sold all the way from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents per dozen in midwinter. The cost of keeping them was nominal, five per cent. interest on the investment being the exact cost. With the house representing $300, the land on which it stood $25, ice $25, and labor not more than $50, the total investment was not over $400. Deducting five per cent. from this investment, the gain on the eggs was over ten cents a dozen at the lowest estimate, or three dollars on a case of thirty dozen. From the farmer's first year's investment he realized upward of $300 profits. Now that he has enlarged his storage house so that it will hold nearly four hundred cases, he stands to clear a profit of nearly $1200 with cold-storage eggs at twenty-five cents per dozen in winter.

This may be called a very moderate "corner in eggs," and one not likely to excite the market to any considerable extent. It is doubtful if it will unsettle conditions so that millionaire speculators will grow alarmed, but it is the entering wedge for a movement that may add millions to the farmers throughout the country who undertake to keep the profits on cold-storage eggs instead of handing them over to large companies.

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Tragedies of the Trial Balance

BY OTTO W. HELBIG

ACCORDING to common notions the expert accountant's profession is the acme of the "deadly commonplace," dealing with the dryest of technicalities and being devoid of all that is implied by the term "human interest." Such a conception of this calling, however, is wide of the mark, as every one of its followers who has achieved a fair degree of skill will testify. Especially in point of dramatic possibilities it is not far behind the profession of the law or the calling of the private detective. In fact, it is the ally of both these professions, and without the service of the expert accountant neither the detective nor the lawyer could serve their commercial clients with the degree of effectiveness which they are able to obtain with the assistance of this "man of figures."

So common is it for the special accountant to uncover a vein of romance or an element having strong dramatic color, to use the miner's terms, that he may fairly be said to experience a degree of disappointment when he fails to read between the figures a story of genuine human interest. There are scores of cases which aptly illustrate this observation, and every one of them enforces its own lesson for the benefit of the business man who has eyes to see and ears to hear.

The Duty of a System

Accounting serves its purpose only when it shows all the essential facts of a business situation, and makes them stand out so clearly that the tendencies and currents of the affairs of the house are indicated with as great distinctness as the buoys and floats indicate to the experienced yachtsman the course over which the regatta is to be sailed Modern accounting contemplates that the first step toward correcting abuses is to know them The system that does not show the actual drift of a business, and, in fact, of the various departments of a business, is not a good system. What the sound business man wants of an accounting system is warning of trouble and of dangerous tendencies in time to avert calamities. All the vital facts and tendencies of a business should be so distinctly reflected in the balance-sheet that the executive may dictate his policy from that document. Antiquated accounting systems are continued only because the management does not realize what they cost the business. A good system results in regular comparison of the results obtained in the various departments, and each department head instinctively feels the effect of such a system and responds to it with better work. A business of any magnitude positively cannot stand the test of modern competition and close margins if its exhibits are made in bulk and at long intervals.

Perhaps no kind of business man is more dangerous to himself or to his associates than the man who cannot say "No." While the intentionally dishonest schemer is, of course, more offensive morally, it is doubtful if he works more injury than does the man who is so consistently a "good fellow," in the general sense in which that expression is used, that he cannot meet with a denial the importunities of shiftless, reckless, unfortunate or unscrupulous friends.

Altogether the most dramatic case with which I have come into professional contact was that of a man who was a chronic "good fellow," and who was constitutionally unqualified to say "No." Let me tell the story in the natural sequence of its events, instead of beginning at the finale and unraveling it backward, as I, of course, did in my work on the case.

This man had an uncommon capacity for making friends, or inspiring a loyal and enthusiastic following and for maintaining a growing reputation as a whole-hearted, genial and popular man. Naturally, this kind of a start led him quickly into politics in the Western State where he lived. From success in county affairs he soon reached prominence in State politics and eventually he carried off the nomination to State Treasurership. This was regarded as the "fattest" position in the pay of the State, and there was great rejoicing among his followers when he secured this prize, for they well understood that his generosity would compel him to "shell out" to his henchmen and supporters a liberal share of the official income accruing to the State Treasurer. Before his first term of two years was out every politician of his political faith in the State who needed money had received substantial aid and comfort, in a financial way, from the State Treasurer, and the word was passed along the line to the effect that "any man in a hole can touch the Treasurer; he's easier than money from home."

Of course, a man with this reputation was renominated and reëlected, although the popularity of his party was then in a decline. There was no falling off of his generosity during his second term, and the only complaint that his followers made, when they went up to the State Capital "to make a touch," was that he was always away. Those who were most familiar with his habits soon learned that he spent a considerable part of his time in Chicago, where the Board of Trade and the stock market exercised great attractions for him. Some of his followers also felt that they had grounds for complaint in the fact that his wife and daughter were sent to Europe, where they were rumored to be seeking titled society.

However, these failings were charitably overlooked by most of "the faithful," particularly by those who were able to prevail upon the Treasurer's lieutenants and associates to act for their principal in the dispensing of party favors of the financial sort. Practically without contest, the renomination was given to the State Treasurer, whose motto was, "Never say 'No' to the boys." He was too busy in Chicago, during that campaign, to spend very much time on the stump or in handshaking. Instead of watching the changes of public sentiment in his State his eyes were closely held to the blackboards of brokerage houses

The Man from Missouri

When it was all too late, like many another old-line party wheelhorse, he awakened to the fact that he had been swept away from his mooring and was stranded and wrecked upon a desert island of defeat and despair. However, he put on a bold face and returned to share his trouble and his courage with "the boys," as he had always shared with them his money. Unfortunately for him, the newly-elected State Treasurer was, in the slang phrase of to-day, "from Missouri," and demanded that he be shown every step of the way into his official responsibilities.

To make a long story short, this "doubting Thomas" of a new Treasurer refused, in the most emphatic manner, to take over, as a transfer of funds, the money on deposit with the State depositories until compelled to do so by the courts. He shrewdly suspected that things were not altogether right with the State funds, and would not shoulder the responsibilities of his office without a clear bill of exemptions in every particular. Then trouble began to show its head in every bank in which State funds had been deposited, and there was a shake-up along the financial and political lines that traveled from one end of the State to the other.

Finally the most popular Treasurer the State ever had was arrested for embezzlement. Precisely thirty days before the call of his case on the trial calendar I was summoned to examine the financial records of the Treasurer's office and present a complete statement, so far as figures were concerned, of all his acts during his four years of official service. As a witness can testify to only what he knows personally, I could not delegate any part of the work of review to an assistant, but must do every part of the investigating myself.

Millions of dollars were found to have been handled during his two terms of office, and it was not only necessary to examine minutely the record of every transaction in that period, but it was also imperative to analyze all of the transactions and understand their meaning from a moral and legal as well as an accounting viewpoint. Shortages of various kinds were found, amounting to a total considerably in excess of half a million dollars. But so far as the results of the trial were concerned, one of the most important facts established by the investigation of the accounts was that this popular State Treasurer had loaned out the State trust funds and had diverted the interest accruing from them to his own personal uses. This, under the statutes of the State, was a criminal act. The complications in the banking features of this case were numerous and intricate, and highly interesting as a study in "expert" accounting. They presented a tangle sufficient to put the most accomplished and skillful accountant on his mettle. It is possible here, however, to speak of only one feature of the matter.

At the trial a deposit of $50,000 was offered by the defense as being money turned over to the State from the private funds of the defaulting Treasurer. This deposit did not appear on the records of the State, but the balance on deposit with that bank, at the time this Treasurer resigned from office, as shown by the bank, was identical with that indicated by the State books. Consequently, I drew the conclusion that the money so deposited had necessarily been withdrawn to reconcile the balance so on deposit, as shown by both the bank statement and the books of the State, and this contention was verified by an examination of the account of the State on the books of the bank. The State, of course, proceeded to show that the money had been so deposited, but only after it had been previously withdrawn by the accused. This phase of the case was introduced by the defense merely to confuse the jury.

Anyhow, the popular State Treasurer was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' servitude in the penitentiary. Some of the men, at least, who had profited by his generosity while in office had a certain sense of gratitude, for in a few months after his imprisonment began a monster petition was presented to the Governor, bearing the names of many of the most influential men in the State. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor in a personal way, and with the result that he yielded to "popular clamor" and signed a pardon for the "misguided victim" of a constitutional inability to say "No." After the pardon had been actually granted, and the prisoner given his freedom, it was shown that the most important names on the petition were forgeries. The pardon, however, could not be recalled, and the man was allowed to retain his liberty, even though it was accomplished by fraud

Sometimes it happens that serious calamities, not to say tragedies, are the result of a lack of that most indispensable business gift called forethought. In a certain case which called for the services of a special accountant, the contract for the sale of a business provided that all the assets of the old firm, both real and personal, were to be transferred on a certain basis at market price, while all the liabilities incurred on or prior to that date were to be discharged by the old firm. While the transfer of the business was in progress a bill was received for insurance premiums covering several years in advance, and reaching a comparatively large amount. The insurance had been in force for only five days prior to the date of the transfer, but was actually an asset at the date of the transfer. Under the terms of the contract it was subject to transfer with the other assets.

At first some of the officers of the old company claimed that their firm could not be expected to pay any of the expenses of the consolidation, and protested against assigning the policies. But their contract, however, made no provisions for exceptions of any character, and they were finally brought to a realization that the letter of the law compelled them to turn over the policies without any compensation. As these premiums amounted to several thousand dollars the matter was by no means a trifling one. One of the members of the old firm very aptly sized up the situation in the remark that:

"We drew up that contract ourselves; it is our own medicine and we must take it, but it's bitter for all that!" And he finally added: "We could have paid a rattling good fee for just enough special accounting, in advance, to have called our attention to this before the contract was drawn up—seeing that we didn't have sense enough to see it ourselves. After this I'll have an accounting system that will tell me these things beforehand, not after it's too late."

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

another's keeping." He summoned the cabin boy, who brought him some more of the simple beverage of the camp, and I, feeling myself scarce at liberty to speak on matters so near to him and so far from me as his daughter's marriage, called his attention to the beautiful aspect of Kings Port, spread out before us in a long white line against the blue water.

The General immediately seized his opportunity. "'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!' You are acquainted with the works of Goldsmith, sir?"

I professed some knowledge of this author also, and the General's talk flowed ornately onward. Though I had little to say to him about his daughter's marriage, he had much to say to me. Miss Josephine St. Michael would have been gratified to hear that her family was considered suitable for Hortense to contract an alliance with. "My girl is not stepping down, sir," the father assured me; and he commended the St. Michaels and the whole connection. He next alluded tragically but vaguely to misfortunes which had totally deprived him of income. I could not precisely fix what his inheritance had been; sometimes he spoke of cotton, but next it would be rice, and he touched upon sugar more than once; but, whatever it was, it had been vast and was gone. He told me that I could not imagine the feelings of a father who possessed a jewel and no dowry to give her. "A queen's estate should have been hers," he said. "But what! 'Who steals my purse steals trash'!" And he sat up, nobly braced by the philosophic thought. But he soon was shaking his head over his enfeebled health. Was I aware that he had been the cause of postponing the young people's joy twice? Twice had the doctors forbidden him to risk the emotions that would attend his giving his jewel away. He dwelt upon his shattered system to me, and, indeed, it required some dwelling on, for he was the picture of admirable preservation. "But I know what it is myself," he declared, "to be a lover and have bliss delayed. They shall be united now. A soldier must face all arrows. What!"

I had hoped he might quote something here, but was disappointed. His conversation would soon cease to interest me, should I lose the excitement of watching for the next classic; and my eye wandered from the General to the water, where, happily, I saw John Mayrant coming in the launch. I briskly called the General's attention to him, and was delighted with the unexpected result.

"'Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the West,'" said the General, lifting his glass.

I touched it ceremoniously with mine. "The day will be hot," I said; "'The boy stood on the burning deck.'"

On this I made my escape from him, and, leaving him to his whisky and his contemplation, I became aware that the eyes of the rest of the party were eager to watch the greeting between Hortense and John. But there was nothing to see. Hortense waited until her lover had made his apologies to Charley for being late, and, from the way they met, she might have been no more to him than Kitty was. Whatever might be thought, whatever might be known, by these onlookers, Hortense set the pace of how the open secret was to be taken. She made it, for all of us, as smooth and smiling as the waters of Kings Port were this fine day. How much did they each know? I asked myself; how much had they shared in common? To these Replacers Kings Port had opened no doors; they and their automobile had skirted around the outside of all things. And if Charley knew about the wedding, he also knew that it had been already twice postponed. He, too, could have said, as Miss Eliza had once said to me, "the cake is not baked yet." The General's talk to me (I felt as I took in how his health had been the central point) was probably the result of previous arrangements with Hortense herself; and she quite as certainly inspired whatever she allowed him to say to Charley. As for Kitty, she knew that her brother was "set"; she always came back to that.

If Hortense found this Sunday morning a passage of particularly delicate steering, she showed it in no way, unless by that heightened radiance and triumph of beauty which I had seen in her before. No; the splendor of the day, the luxuries of the Hermana, the conviviality of the Replacers—all melted the occasion down to an ease and enjoyment in which even John Mayrant, with his grave face, was not perceptible, unless, like myself, one watched him.

It was my full expectation that we should now get under way and proceed among the various historic sights of Kings Port harbor, but of this I saw no signs anywhere on board the Hermana. Abeam of the foremast her boat booms remained rigged out on port and starboard, her boats riding to painters; while her crew wore a look as generally lounging as that of her passengers. Beverly Rodgers told me the reason: we had no pilot; the negro waterman engaged for this excursion in the upper waters had failed of appearance, and when Charley was for looking up another, Kitty, Bohm and Gazza had dissuaded him.

"Kitty," said Beverly, "told me she didn't care about the musty old forts and things, anyhow."

I looked at Kitty, and heard her tongue ticking away, like the little clock she was; she had her Bohm, she had her nautical costume and her Remsen cooler. These, with the lunch that would come in time, were enough for her.

"But it was such a good chance!" I exclaimed in disappointment.

"Chance for what, old man?"

"To see everything—the forts, the islands—and it's beautiful, you know, all the way to the navy yard."

Beverly followed my glance to where the gay company was sitting among the cracked ice, and bottles, and cigar-boxes, chattering volubly, with its back to the scenery. He gave his *laissez-faire* chuckle, and laid a hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry 'em with forts and islands, old boy! They know what they want. No living breed on earth knows better what it wants."

"Well, they don't get it."

"Ho, don't they?"

"The cold fear of ennui gnaws at their vitals this minute."

Shrill laughter from Kitty and Gazza served to refute my theory.

"Of course, very few know what's the matter with them," I added. "You seldom spot an organic disease at the start."

"Hm," said Beverly lengthily. "You put a pin through some of 'em. Hortense hasn't got the disease, though."

"Ah, she spotted it! She's taking treatment. It's likely to help her—for a time."

He looked at me. "You know something?"

I nodded. He looked at Hortense, who was now seated among the noisy group with quiet John beside her. She was talking to Bohm, she had no air of any special relation to John, but there was a lustre about her that spoke well for the treatment.

"Then it's coming off?" said Beverly.

"She has been too much for him," I answered.

Beverly misunderstood. "He doesn't look it."

"That's what I mean."

"But the fool can cut loose!"

"Oh, you and I have gone over all that! I've even gone over it with him."

Beverly looked at Hortense again. "And her fire-eater's fortune is about double what it would have been. I don't see how she's going to square herself with Charley."

"She'll wait till that's necessary. It isn't necessary to-day."

We had to drop our subject here, for the owner of the Hermana approached us with the amiable purpose, I found, of making himself civil for a while to me.

"I think you would have been interested to see the navy yard," I said to him.

"I have seen it," Charley replied, in his slightly foreign, careful voice. "It is not a navy yard. It is small politics and a big swamp. I was not interested."

"Dear me!" I cried. "But surely it's going to be very fine!"

"Another gold-brick sold to Uncle Sam." Charley's words seemed always to drop out like little accurately-measured coins from some minting machine. "They should not have changed from the old place if they wanted a harbor that could be used in wartime. Here they must always keep at least one dredge going out at the jetties. So the enemy blows up your dredge and you are bottled in, or bottled out. It is very simple for the enemy. And, for Kings Port, navy yards do not galvanize dead trade. It was a gold-brick. You have not been on the Hermana before?"

He knew that I had not, but he wished to show her to me; and I soon noted a difference as radical as it was diverting between this banker-yachtsman's speech when he talked of affairs on land and when he attempted to deal with nautical matters. The clear, dispassionate finality of his tone when phosphates, or railroads, or navy yards, or imperial loans were concerned, left him, and changed to something very like a recitation of trigonometry well memorized but not at all mastered; he could do that particular sum, but you mustn't stop him; and I concluded that I would rather have Charley for my captain during a panic in Wall Street than in a hurricane at sea. He, too, wore highly pronounced sea clothes of the ornamental kind; and though they fitted him physically, they hung baggily upon his unmarine spirit; giving him the air, as it were, of a broiled quail served on oyster shells. Beverly Rodgers, the consummate Beverly, was the only man of us whose clothes seemed to belong to him; he looked as if he could sail a boat.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Ideal Light

MR. LANGLEY has said that if we could imitate the light of the glowworm on an adequate scale we should have the ideal illuminant—cold, perfectly steady, and without appreciable waste. He found that the amount of heat given out by an exceptionally brilliant tropical firefly during ten minutes was only seven-millionths of a calory—a calory representing the heat required to raise the temperature of a cubic centimetre of water one centigrade degree. Also, he ascertained, by experiment, that in three days and nights of constant shining such a firefly, without food, lost only three-hundredths of a gramme in weight. Necessarily, but a small percentage of this loss stood for energy expended in lighting.

It is obvious, then, how inferior is our best illuminating apparatus to the means employed for like purposes by Nature. The "photogen" light, if ever we get it, should be vastly cheaper and more satisfactory than either gas or electricity. It cannot be put out by wind or rain, and it will never cause fires. Furthermore, inasmuch as it is a chemical substance, though of organic origin, we may be able to reproduce it in the laboratory, without looking to plants or animals as sources of supply. It has been estimated, by the way, that, to produce a given amount of illumination, the glowworm expends only one-fiftieth of the energy consumed by an electric plant in evolving an equivalent light—a fact due, in part, to the circumstance that, as ascertained by Mr. Langley, all of the rays emitted by the insect are within the visible limits of the spectrum, while in the case of our artificial lights a large proportion of the rays are invisible and useless.

It is only a tiny torch that the firefly bears; but, when we consider the brilliancy of the living flames that crown every breaking wave-crest at sea on certain occasions, especially in the tropics—or the intensity of the golden fires that appear under similar circumstances to underlie the broken surface of the ocean, when cleft by boat or stirred by oar—there seems to be here no lack of available light, if we could utilize it or imitate it in kind. Even in the black depths, miles beneath the billows, certain fishes carry brightly-shining lamps on head or fin, and others have searchlights which they can turn on or off at will, as they may wish to attract prey or to conceal themselves. Some of the cephalopods are even provided with apparatus to throw a radiance downward.

Nearly always, when people find that a piece of meat or a fish, put away in the household larder, has become luminous, they throw it away, looking upon the phenomenon as evidence of commencing putrefaction. But this is a mistake, says Doctor Molisch, inasmuch as the indication is exactly the contrary. The light-giving microbes will not live on flesh that has begun to decay, and their presence may be regarded as proof that the edible substance is in good and wholesome condition. As soon as putrefaction begins their luminescence ceases.

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PLAYER FOLK

Minnie Maddern Fiske

A Workman and His Chips

MANAGERS are brought into such close relations with the public, and are so intimately interested in it, that they are apt to forget how little the public cares about them. When Miss Blanche Bates is obliged to refit a public hall for a production in Washington, or Madame Bernhardt is forced to tour the South in a circus tent, there is a momentary interest in their managers, but for the most part people do not know whether the name of the man who, according to the program, "presents" this star or "offers" that is Tweedledum or Tweedledee. And those who are acquainted with the affairs of syndicate and anti-syndicate know that the point at issue is mainly a matter of business, and not at all, as has been so loudly proclaimed, a matter of art.

Of all the "mighty opposites" Mrs. Fiske, who happens to be both actress and manager, is about the only one who has enlisted intelligent sympathy, and even she has been suspected of carrying the flag too far. While playing in Boston recently she was invited to deliver an address before Harvard University. It came to President Eliot's knowledge that she was planning to use the occasion to attack her enemies. He summoned the professor in charge, and pointedly intimated that Sanders Theatre was no place to air business squabbles. That is one reason, perhaps, why the address dealt in generalities which were not all glittering. Time and again it has been shown that what the public is interested in is good plays and good acting. Given these things it will go anywhere, and without them it cannot be lured by talk about artistic freedom. As Professor Brander Matthews once remarked, a workman is not known by the chips on his shoulder.

Making the Supers Cry

IT IS to the public that an actor has to look for success or failure, but the judgment which, as an artist, he most fears and respects is that of his fellow-players; and it often happens that this is the best criterion of future popularity. For several years after his appearance in America, Mr. Robert Loraine had the reputation of being a bad actor who would not be tolerated except for his handsome face and physique. But Mr. Ben Greet, in whose company of Elizabethan players he got his early training in England, steadfastly predicted great things for him. Perhaps the chief qualification of the actor is a voice that is strong and capable of rich, emotional color; and this, Mr. Greet maintained, Mr. Loraine possessed in a remarkable degree.

On one occasion he was giving Shakespeare's Henry V without scenery in the town hall of a small provincial city. In addition to Ancient Pistol, Mr. Greet was appearing as one of the crowd of super soldiers. Mr. Loraine was playing Henry. In the scene in which the king condemns Cambridge, Scroop and Northumberland for high treason, the actors were so huddled together as actually to rub elbows, but as Mr. Loraine spoke the lines:

> Get you therefore hence,
> Poor, miserable wretches, to your death,
> The taste whereof God in His mercy give
> You patience to endure, and true repentance
> Of all your dear offenses,

the manager and the other supers could not restrain the tears from running down their cheeks. When an actor can make his manager weep, Mr. Greet used to argue, he is not a bad actor. Mr. Loraine's success in Shaw's Man and Superman is, in fact, largely due to the vigor with which he delivers the long and exacting speeches of his part.

The Rage of Bernhardt

THE public which marveled at the youthfulness of Madame Bernhardt's voice and vigor, in spite of her threescore years and more, had occasion, during her New York engagement, to marvel also at the preservation of her historic temper. Appearing in eight different plays in six days, each of them, of course, containing a long and trying part, she had naturally no strength to look to the details of stage management. The wonder was that she was able to perform that histrionic feat, the mere reporting of which proved a heavy burden to her critics.

In the great scene in Daudet's Sapho, in which Jean quits her in anger, she flies into a rage, fetches his trunk with her own hand, and, angrily, helps him pack. As it happened, the trunk supplied her in the wings was a scrubby little old affair, evidently belonging to one of the supers, and with the tour label, "Sarah Bernhardt, Paris," in staring letters pasted across the end. At the sight of it Madame Bernhardt flung it upon the stage with the reckless energy of a baggage-smasher, and the audience burst into uncontrollable laughter. This was bad enough, but on going to a flimsy wardrobe Sapho discovered in it, as the entire raiment of her lover, a rack hung with dozens upon dozens of wash ties, a shirt or two, and absolutely nothing else. Then the rage of Sapho knew no bounds. She grabbed those ties by the handfuls, and threw them, not into the trunk, but upon the unoffending head of Jean Gaussin. The curtain rang down amid roars.

The stage manager evidently took this for applause, and immediately made the curtain soar again. The audience was delighted with a view of Bernhardt and her leading man still glaring at each other in more than theatric passion. Even in our ashes live their wonted fires, and Bernhardt is still very far from the ash-heap.

A Kindness to the Manager

FOR the most part, in spite of their reputation, the critics are both painstaking and honest, and the more reputable papers protect them from intimidation. The favorite means of attempting to influence them is a threat to withdraw theatrical advertising, which means a loss to the paper of much more than their salary.

One of the most powerful of the managers some years ago called on the editor of a great morning paper, the critic of which had offended him, and intimated that he could do him a great favor. What he meant, of course, was to discharge the critic. The editor smiled and said:

"I *will* do you a great favor."

"You mean you will discharge him?" the manager asked, delighted.

"I mean," was the answer, "that I will not tell him of your call. We are all of us human, and he might become biased if he knew how you have insulted him, and us."

It was only the other day that the critic ever heard of this, and then by accident.

The Début of E. J. Morgan

NOT every aspiring actor is able to take advantage of his chance when it comes, and the greater his power of imagination, it sometimes seems, the more likely he is to fail. The story of Colley Cibber's début is highly characteristic. After months of hope deferred Cibber was given a line to speak to the great Betterton. When he came on he was so impressed with the tragedian's terrific aspect that he stood petrified by fear, quite ruining the effect of the scene. Betterton angrily ordered the manager to dock the boy's salary twenty shillings.

"But he gets no salary," explained the manager.

"Then give him two pounds a week," stormed Betterton, "and dock him one!"

There may have been method in his madness, for Cibber became one of the most artistic and versatile actors of the eighteenth century.

Mr. E. J. Morgan's début ended in a similar catastrophe. His first engagement was as a singing super in Shenandoah, and he pestered the manager almost daily to give him an acting part. Finally, owing to the absence of one of the cast, he was allowed to hold the lantern in the scene in which signal lights are displayed on a distant mountain and the Union soldiers read them by the aid of a code book. As he came on, trembling with hope and fear, he stumbled and, in catching his balance, jerked out the light. The manager loudly called him off, but he was so frightened that he went through with his part, holding the doused lantern up to the code book, and, of course, quite ruining the effect. The manager, lacking Betterton's discernment, forbade him ever to ask for a part again.

Shortly afterward the actor who had been playing the part of the doctor fell sick. Mr. Charles Frohman ordered a substitute from New York, and himself came on to rehearse him. The new actor did not appear. Mr. Morgan, who had understudied all possible parts in the play, and who was not forbidden to speak to Mr. Frohman, volunteered, and was perforce accepted. This time he showed his true colors, getting a round of applause which the part had never before evoked.

Revenge on a Ticket Speculator

PLAYGOERS who have been blocked, jostled and buttonholed by sidewalk ticket speculators will appreciate this story more than the hero of it. One of the New York critics while going into the theatre with his wife was lately caught by the sleeve and whirled about-face. Now, the sight of a ticket is about as alluring to the professional first-nighter as the click of a typewriter is to the business man; and the victim, who has a sense of humor, smiled, and was about to protest, when he caught sight of a Tenderloin roundsman, an Irishman, who was a sworn friend and admirer. The critic had once written a little piece commending the cop for his skill and promptness in handling a block in traffic.

"I guess this is a case for you, Haggarty," he said, smiling, and without thinking a second time dodged into the foyer after his wife. When the play was over, as he was hurrying away to write his article, the policeman saluted him with a broad grin. "I locked him up, all right, sir," he said.

The critic, who had underestimated the lengths of an Irishman's gratitude, was dumfounded, and has not yet had the courage to tell his wife the result of his intended pleasantry.

The Stony Critic

DEEP knowledge and long experience of the drama do not always soften the heart to the appeal of theatric sentiment. Mr. James Huneker tells this story of his experience at The Music Master on himself—or is it on the play? He had just returned from an extended tour among the great artistic theatres of the Continent, in which he gathered much of the material for his Iconoclasts, a Book of Dramatists. Now, as a disciple of Nietzsche, he has his doubts as to the nobility of self-sacrifice, and, as it happens, this play, like so many other popular American pieces, centres in a deed of Quixotic renunciation. In the pathetic last act Mr. Huneker suddenly became aware that most of the audience were blowing their noses. He turned to Mrs. Huneker and remarked:

"Most everybody in New York seems to have a cold. You'd better look out and not catch it."

Mrs. Huneker pointed out that the audience was crying over the play. Even as he tells the story, Mr. Huneker mingles a look of disgust with his amusement.

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THE IMITATION BAD MAN

(Concluded from Page 7)

be some glory to share in that enterprise. Had he known the actual state of affairs he would hardly have crossed the street as he did. The Kid quietly waited until Ollinger was directly below him before he spoke.

"Hello, old fellow!" he said.

Ollinger looked up, to catch the full charge of heavy shot in his head and shoulder. The Kid fired once more into his prostrate body, broke the gun in two pieces and threw it down on the corpse.

"Take that with you, you long-hair," he remarked calmly and with no great feeling; "you may need it."

Other than these two men engaged in the terrible little tragedy above mentioned I know of no better types, each of his own class. One was a genuine bad man, and the other was the genuine imitation bad man. They were really as far apart as the poles, and are so held in the tradition of that bloody country to-day.

Throughout the West there are two sorts of wolves—the coyote and the gray wolf. Either will kill, and both are lovers of blood. One is yellow at heart and the other is clean game all the way through. In outward look both are wolves, and in appearance they sometimes grade together so closely that is it hard to determine the species. The gray wolf is a warrior and is respected; the coyote is a sneak and a murderer, and his name is a term of reproach throughout the West. The one is bad, and the other imitation-bad.

A Self-Constituted Barber

The frontier did not take itself seriously and did not feel bound to accept every newcomer at his own valuation—a scheme of life which sometimes worked a certain hardship to pretenders. Thus—to retell a story which always seemed amusing—there was once, in a certain party of Panhandle skin-hunters, a man who wore his hair so long as to cause dislike in the soul of one of his associates, who kindly but firmly asked him to have it cut. As he failed to do this, the objector one day threw him down upon the ground, pinioned him with a sinewy knee, and amputated his ambrosial locks with a butcher knife—an operation which the victim was wise enough to pass off as a joke. It developed later that he had turned his hair out some time before he started West. He was West-struck—a victim of the Western-fiction habit.

A more sensible, if less ambitious, representative of gentler lands was that other well-remembered youth who once blew in and took a job of cooking in a cow camp below Las Vegas. He worked for two months, drew his salary and went to town, whereupon he proceeded to purchase himself an entire new outfit—hat, spurs, leggins, belt, gun and all, everything new and shining. So accoutred, he waited on the platform for the east-bound train, jumped on, and disappeared, never to be heard of again. No doubt, he acted as a missionary after that somewhere in the East, serving to spread knowledge of the West. Indeed, evidence is not wanting that he secured employment in the Western-fiction foundry.

The imitation bad man was in most cases simply some such an example of West-struckness. But why? What was the philosophy of West-struckness, and why were so many young men—not to mention editors, writers and artists—thus West-struck? Why did the trans-Missouri put so strong a stamp upon the times? The answer to these questions ought not, after all, to be so difficult, in view of the fallibility, indeed the generally illogical make-up, of poor human nature. Courage, hardihood and daring always leave their imprint. It was only human to mistake attendant phenomena, born of necessity, for these qualities themselves. Many trail men and trappers and plainsmen of the barberless West wore long hair, and unaffectedly spoke a strange dialect; *ergo*, any man with long hair and dialect must also be hardy, brave and daring! It might be easier to assume the hair and the dialect than to gain the qualities of courage, hardihood and daring; but the public did not always discover the faulty logic of reasoning from particular to general; although it was out of just this sort of crippled syllogism that much of the ostensible and accepted "badness" of the West arose, and much of the indestructible misconception regarding all things Western

To separate imitations from the real thing, the sentiment and practice of the West swung to the opposite extreme. The West laid aside the six-shooter and the high-heeled boot, and abjured very many other things which the East has assigned to it as immutable. If you go on a cow ranch to-day you will see more black hats than white, and you will find no six-shooters at all. The foreman discourages "fancy boys," looks askance at *conchos* on leggins, or even leggins themselves where the latter are not necessary, leaning to overalls and straight talk himself. The imitation tough man gradually has found his habitat confined to the railroad towns; and even there he is not always welcome.

Bad Man or Good

A good specimen of long-hair once blew into a saloon in a town where I lived, and met the barkeeper at a time when he was eating his lunch, which consisted of a can of tomatoes. The barkeeper cast a severe eye upon the newcomer.

"Are you bad?" said he; "or are you a 'vangelist? If you're bad I'm going to pour these tomatoes down your back, but if you're a 'vangelist I'll go get another spoon."

Indeed, it was hard for an imitation tough to gain respect even in his own home—although sometimes really bad men were afraid of some woman or other. The only person on earth who could scare Ben Thompson was the queen of his affections, of whom he stood in deadly terror. Joel Fowler's wife could make him stand hitched at any time; and Straightgoods Allen, of old White Oaks camp, never attempted to run any bluff on the inside of his own threshold.

Thus discredited, where could a poor desperado go? In time, a great many of them found a more congenial atmosphere east of the Mississippi than west of the Missouri. A friend of mine, a very good horse thief from Wyoming—who always justified his acts by saying that he never stole from anybody but an Eastern man, and one who had plenty of horses to spare—used to make a living in Chicago, as, perhaps, Bill Germaine did in New York, by posing as an artist's model.

"I certainly did tell things scary to that fellow," he confessed to me; "I had to do it. I wore two guns for him, and wore 'em low, and I shore looked fierce. I filed a few notches on the handle of one Colt, and I always turned it out, careless-like. Folks would come in and look at me from across the table, and once in a while they'd ask me how many men did I ever kill. Then I looks thoughtful, and says I: 'I don't remember exactly, but I think it was eight or ten—somewhere along in there.'"

Not that one could call this artless soul anything of a pretender, for life was one bright comedy to him, and he imposed only on those who asked him to do so.

Pat Garrett's Gloves

To show the horror of the real West at ultra-Westernism, I may best again cite my friend Pat Garrett, who admits that when he first came into the Pecos Valley from the Panhandle buffalo range he was wearing long hair because he couldn't get it cut; and likewise a pair of buffalo leggins about three feet long, to piece down the bottom of his trousers—he was six feet four and one-half inches tall, and could not always get his fit at a frontier store. On a late mounted journey over the country which we both knew a quarter of a century ago, and which, in its day, was woolly as any, Garrett wore clothing which would have left him inconspicuous on Broadway. One day, seeing that he had worn out his gloves and could get no more, I offered him a pair from my own kit, provided that he would promise in advance to wear them, which he thoughtlessly did. Now, these gloves had been purchased as a souvenir, being orthodox cow-puncher regalia, with red embroidery and a long leather fringe on the cuff. He always took them off when he saw any one coming, and one morning, when we were riding into a settlement, I was disgusted to see that he had ruined my souvenir by cutting off all the fringe! He was afraid of being thought Western.

I had with me a pair of English-cut buckskin riding breeches, most comfortable for saddle wear, which I had owned for twelve years and never worn, since they had always seemed too Western for the East, and too Eastern for the West. Alas! they were now too Western for the West, where buckskin is to-day strictly tabooed, no matter how severely cut. Garrett would not let me put them on. One cold morning in the mountains I rebelled and got into the buckskins; and seeing that it troubled Garrett very much, I kept them on after that for a few days. As we approached the town of Roswell he could conceal his nervousness no longer.

"It's not so much on my account," said he apologetically, "but I'm an official under the United States Government, and I ought to be careful whom I associate with. For Heaven's sake, man, haven't you got any *human* pants?"

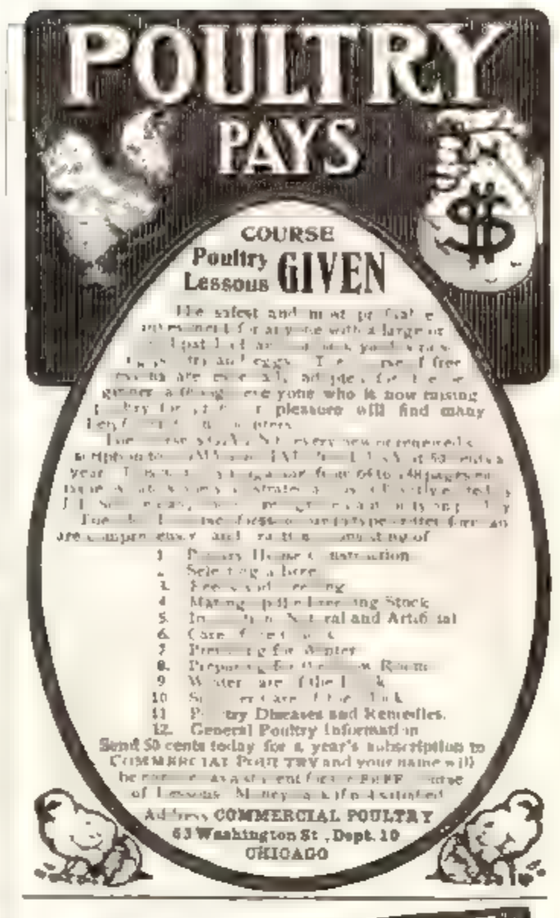
The West demands that it be considered not Western, but just human. It is to be feared that the typical Alkali Ike, who wears a long knife and ties his pistol down, and who addresses you as "Young feller," would be very difficult to find in the West to-day.

The would-be killer never existed save in fungoid fashion, and even thus is scarce to-day. In time he must be lost utterly in the swift whirl of American events. It is libel to call him Western. The West is responsible for her own children, even though they be wild and bad ones, but she ought not to be asked to mother a cuckoo product. "The babes of the West were giants, because that was a land of giants. The Indian, the hunter, the plainsman, the cowboy will not die. They will but pass back among their people whence they came. They will vanish upon the edge of the plains. They will look down upon us from the hills in some immortal form." Not this the fate of the imitation desperado. He is no product of the West, but is a misconception assigned to the West. He has no ancestry and no environment back of him, and will hold no place upon the page of history. Cheap, brazen, oroide, counterfeit, unable to stand the acid, he must perforce pass out of circulation, winning only the reward of insincerity and pretense.

"The Salt of Sincerity"

The one quality in a man's character most valued on the frontier was sincerity, and it was recognized that insincerity rarely goes with courage. The man must "come through." The man who went into the hills, who forded a bad water, who went into any dangerous undertaking and "came through" was the man respected. The advance of civilization into the West meant the curtailment of much individual liberty, but the best men of the West, the men who have made the West what it is, were those that accepted the necessities that go with the law. The skilled use of weapons was once desirable if not necessary in the West, but it is no longer so. I used to know a man who spent a half-hour each evening practicing at whirling his gun over, and firing it just as he presented it butt forward and apparently harmless. "That's the way to get a fellow who asks you for your gun," said he. One day he committed some petty crime, and an officer went to arrest him. He pretended to surrender and hand over his gun, but whirled it over, fired, and killed the officer. They hanged him then; so that, after all, his accomplishment did not amount to much, and he founded no permanent family tree.

Some day there will arise a publisher who will print a novel about a Western man who is just a man. Perhaps he will find some artist who will paint a picture of some Western character and make him just a man. If this departure from the ancient and accepted foundry output shall prove profitable—as very likely it will—the result will be the routing out from his last lurking place of the imitation bad man. His only record then will remain on the gravestones of the big, sane, law-loving land west of the Missouri. The epitaph of the would-be desperado is that which in time comes to be written over all insincerity: "Died of self-deception." There is no poorer epitaph than that.



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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

Owen Wister
Author of Lady Baltimore

Mr. Wister and the Syndicate

THE literary syndicate moves in many a mysterious way, whether its home-office be on Broadway or Fleet Street, but for a certain sort of "enterprise" it must be admitted that the British institution has its American cousin hopelessly distanced. The latter orders what it wants from an author on short notice, but it at least has an appreciation of distance and makes a certain allowance for the Atlantic Ocean. Not so the English concern. It—or, at any rate, one of the species with "main offices" in London—wrote only the other day to Owen Wister in this wise:

Dear Sir:

We would like you to do a novel for serialization through our agency. We would want the completed manuscript to be in our hands by March 1st, 1906. Entire length, 100,000 words; each chapter to end with dramatic climax; scene to be laid in some quarter of the British Isles, especial locality to be named later.

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Will Allen White, Fashion Critic

READERS of his charming sketches of life in a small town can well understand that William Allen White is wedded to Emporia, Kansas, and the newspaper editorial desk which he there adorns. But about twice a year Mr. White, out of a hard sense of duty, wrenches up stakes and comes East. The latest wrench occurred quite recently and, as ever theretofore, Mr. White appeared in New York and Philadelphia looking like a walking advertisement for the salubrious qualities of the Kansas climate.

"Why, Mr. White," exclaimed one woman whom he met at luncheon, "aren't you a little stouter than when I saw you last?"

"Probably," said White, "quite probably I usually am."

And, a moment later, when she remarked: "What delicious salad!"

"Madam," he answered, "it is more than delicious: it has a real heart-interest."

That same afternoon Mr. White sat in a box at a matinée and looked out over the audience with no small degree of interest. "It's much darker than the last time I was here," he murmured.

"Darker?" repeated his host.

"Yes. How fashions in hair change! Now, only a few years ago this would have been like looking over a box of lemons."

Rex Beach's Melodrama

PEOPLE who know Rex Beach as a short-story writer—and, still more, people who knew him as a business man—will be somewhat surprised to learn that he once wrote a melodrama. Yet the truth must be told: he did write it, and it was produced. He wrote it one morning; it was rehearsed that afternoon, and was played that evening.

The whole thing happened at some outpost in the Klondike. The proprietor of a concert-hall at that particular metropolis found that his audiences were falling off and decided that he must give them something new, but the only new thing he could think of was a melodrama—and there was no one to write it. However, the proprietor, with true Yankee enterprise, had posters printed announcing "a new melodrama" for a specific night, and trusted to luck to bring along the book of the play.

Luck brought it, but only at the last minute, when the proprietor, then almost in despair, confided his woes to Mr. Beach.

"I don't know what to do," he said, "for I ain't got no play, and they'll probably shoot up the whole place if I don't make good."

Beach was touched—and went to work. He grew interested and turned out the wildest tank-drama that ever played north of Seattle. Somehow the players stumbled through their lines at rehearsal, and at the performance that night all went well until the last act.

Mr. Beach, knowing the color of his audience and wanting at the same time to be realistic, had arranged that when the hero entered to exclaim, "The wretch is dead at last and virtue triumphs," the stage-manager should hand out a bleeding heart fresh from the butcher's shop across the way, but when this odd piece of stage-property was produced a Swede in the audience bellowed:

"Ted at last? Yoost look at id! De blood's ban try t'ree hours!"

Walt Whitman's Door-Plate

ON THE door of Walt Whitman's house in Camden, New Jersey, there remained, until a few years ago, the old door-plate engraved with Walt Whitman's name. One day a visitor from New York, a youth whose devotion to Whitman was unbounded, asked for admittance to the house and was most courteously shown through the rooms by the tenants. It was not until he was leaving that he mentioned the plate upon the old-fashioned front door.

"I see," he observed, "that you have the Whitman door plate. You are very lucky to have been able to keep it."

His host, to whom the Whitman enthusiasm was a quantity unknown, showed mild surprise.

"Yes," he said, "we haven't got a door-plate, so we've just left this one where it was."

"Might—might one buy it?" asked the visitor tentatively. "I suppose you wouldn't wish to part with it?"

"Oh, no—no," said the owner positively; "we wouldn't want to sell that. People seem to like to look at it. No, we wouldn't want to sell it. At least, a man would have to have a good deal of money to throw away before he could buy it."

"I suppose so," said the visitor humbly, and then added curiously: "But if any one wanted it and were willing to pay for it, how much would you sell it for?"

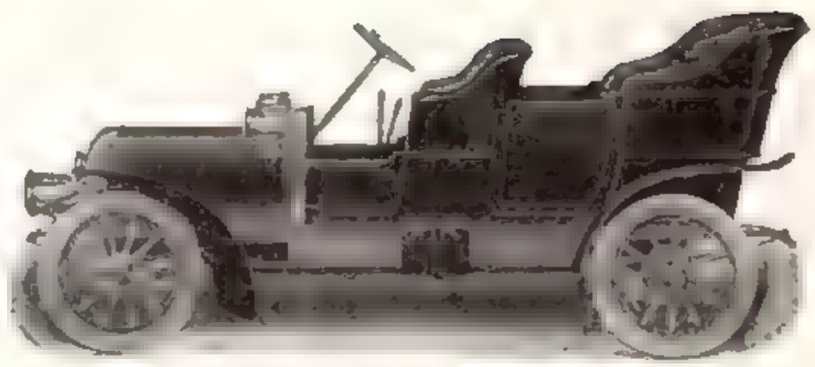
The tenant of the house smiled importantly.

"Why," he said, "I wouldn't let anybody have that door-plate for less than five dollars."

"And," said the visitor afterward when he told the story, "the point is yet to come: I did not have the five dollars."

Mr. Gilder's Business Training

FEW who know Richard Watson Gilder as a poet and a magazine editor will be ready to believe that he was ever a railroad man and a soldier. The slim figure, the deliberate speech, the whole air of a scholar, which so properly belong to the author of The Great Remembrance, are in no sense suggestive of business or of war. Yet Mr. Gilder at least once enlisted in the army, was next employed by a railroad, and was later the chief executive of a newspaper. As a mere lad of nineteen he was a private in Landis' Philadelphia Battery during the so-called Emergency Campaign of 1863; for the next year he was actively engaged in the railroad service, and at last he became managing editor of the Newark, New Jersey, Advertiser.



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THE PRIVATE CAR CONTROVERSY

(Concluded from Page 2)

ago in conversation with one of our agents. Mr. Sessions is essentially a grower—one of the most successful in the country—one who makes his peach orchard pay him all the way from $50 to $120 an acre net profit.

"With private car line service," says Mr. Sessions, "buyers come to us—to our very doors—because they know this service will deliver in good condition what they buy. That makes a good market. Indifferent service keeps out the buyers. That makes a poor market and throws our fruit into Chicago where the market is almost always glutted with fruit that goes across the lake by boat. Chicago commission men work to keep it glutted. We have had commission-house solicitors running up and down our streets here soliciting shipments, *when they knew Chicago was already overstocked.* That was to get our fancy peaches at a low, glutted market price, so they could be reshipped to other points at a profit. The effect of such a situation—growers deprived of efficient refrigerator car service—is doubly bad. It depresses prices and it causes quality to deteriorate. In an overstocked market fancy peaches will not bring enough more than common ones to pay for the extra cost and labor put into growing high quality. One of the greatest benefits of the private car service is that it has encouraged us to strive for quality. With that service, when we grow fancy peaches, we know we can get a good market for them."

Mr. J. R. Wylie, of Shelby, Michigan, supports Mr. Sessions with this testimony on Chicago as a market: "This last summer I shipped plums to two points, Chicago and Dayton, Ohio. The same kind of plums went to both places. My Chicago shipment averaged 80 cents a bushel net; my Dayton shipment averaged $1.45 a bushel net."

A leaf from our own experience corroborates both Mr. Sessions and Mr. Wylie. Last fall representatives of two large Eastern fruit houses came West to buy Michigan peaches. They wanted to ship in private cars. At the Michigan points served by private cars they found competing buyers. They also discovered that quantities of Michigan peaches were being dumped into Chicago by boat and by rail from points not covered by the private car service. Those agents forthwith came to Chicago, went on the open market in South Water Street, and there bought Michigan peaches for shipment East at lower prices than they would have had to pay over in Michigan at points served by private cars. More than 400 cars were thus handled.

According to commission men of a certain kind—the kind who are the source of practically all agitation against the car lines—the private cars check rather than develop the fruit-growing industry. In view of what has been shown as to growers' and shippers' views it may be asked: "Have the commission men a motive?" Let us look at an example of what used to be a not infrequent experience of fruit shippers before the guarantees of the private car service were thrown around the business.

A Case from Georgia

Not many seasons ago a grower in Georgia shipped two cars of peaches to an Indiana city. The consignee wired the grower that both cars arrived in "bad condition," intimating that the price would have to be cut. The grower asked the car line agent's advice as to what he should do about it. He was advised: "Those cars left here in good condition and are, undoubtedly, in good condition now. Our reports will back up a lawsuit and probably enable you to collect for your peaches; but law is always expensive and you will probably save money by going yourself to Indiana now."

The grower took that advice. His peaches had reached their destination on Friday; he did not reach there until Monday. Going as a buyer to the consignee firm (its members did not know him personally) he found some of his own peaches exposed for sale in fine condition.

"Got 150 crates as good as those?" he asked, indicating packages stenciled with his own name.

"Sure," was the prompt answer. "We've got parts of two cars still on track—fine peaches all the way through. Come down and see 'em."

The grower accompanied the commission man, saw his own peaches still in good condition after lying on a side track nearly three days, and then told his name. He was paid, without discount for bad condition.

A final word of testimony from the car lines' enemy: the Fruit Trade Journal is the organ of the commission men in their fight on the car lines. In the issue of September 23, 1905, forecasting the Michigan crop situation in a letter from St. Joseph, Michigan, that paper said:

"It is now evident that the Michigan peach crop will foot up 6,000,000 bushels. . . . The marketing of fruit in southwestern Michigan has been completely revolutionized within the past few years. There was a time when the entire crop was thrust upon Chicago and Milwaukee and the grower suffered materially from low prices resulting from a glutted market. Now the fruit belt, from the beginning of strawberries in June until the picking of the latest apples in October, is the *Mecca of fruit buyers from every part of the country, and the refrigerator car* and steamboat do the rest."

In some quarters it has been made to appear that the convenience of the public is deliberately defied and made to suffer through the operation of the private freight cars. A cunning attempt to prejudice the public is made by the assertion that the railroads are so subservient to the Armour interests that they sidetrack passenger trains to let trains of these private cars pass; that the American citizen is held up on a switch so that the train of private freight cars may have the right-of-way and not be interrupted in the work of earning mileage for a rapacious corporation.

The Hold-Up Theory

Now it may be a fact that in some isolated instances local passenger trains have been sidetracked to let pass a through freight containing private cars. I do not know of such an instance, but it is possible that the exigencies of practical railroad operation might have brought this about in rare instances, but it is not a fact that this sort of occurrence is a part of the system of our operation or a logical result of it. Is there any reader of this paper who frequently travels on local passenger trains who has not, at some time or other, been in a sidetracked coach that has been passed by a freight train made up of cars of miscellaneous kind and ownership? I think we have all had that experience. Certainly the experience is common enough to render absurd the insinuation that the railroads of this country are so dominated by the Armour or any other private car lines or packing interests that they make a practice of giving trains of such cars precedence over their passenger service and thereby subject the traveling public to delay, inconvenience and indignity. Incidentally, it may be said that the slow passenger time from Chicago to New York is 30 hours and that the fastest "private freight" time is 60 hours.

However, I make no denial of the fact that the private car service, so far, at least, as the Armour lines are concerned—and I am willing to concede as much to competing lines—is so organized that its cars are not permitted to lag on the way, to loiter at division points, or in any way to fail in delivering their cargoes at their destinations in the shortest possible time consistent with sound, safe and reasonable railroad operation. In other words, energy, diligence and perseverance are used in a systematic way to transport the fruits, produce and meats as quickly and in as perfect condition as may be. The perishable nature of the product demands "RUSH," and it is believed that this is distinctly a service to the grower, the shipper using the cars, and to the public buying the fresh fruits, vegetables and meats carried in them—a service that needs no apology. If the "fast" fruit and meat car service were allowed suddenly to lapse and fall back to the old-time running schedules, the result would be a public outcry and protest which would be shared in by the very people who are now sharpest in their criticism of the "fast" private freight trains and which would astonish the entire public.

Some critics of the private car system are at great pains to create the impression that the mileage which the railroads pay the owners of the private cars as rental is so large that there should be no charge at all to the shipper for refrigeration. I will not ask the reader to accept my own statement that such a revenue would be a wholly inadequate compensation, but I will refer to the testimony of a practical railroad man not interested in the Armour car lines. Mr. J. S. Leeds, of the Santa Fé, made this statement under oath:

"The fact of the business is, the mileage that a car earns in the California fruit business will not maintain it. It will not pay the interest on its cost and pay for administration expenses or the organization and the replacement out of the mileage that it would earn. If this is true the refrigeration of these commodities should pay a profit and should also pay its share of the maintenance and the expense of the operation of the line."

It should be noted that the California business gives the longest haul, the most profitable mileage in the country.

The Freight-Rate Question

Sensational periodicals have indulged in much and violent comment regarding the freight rates given to the packers on dressed meats and other packing-house products as compared with the rates on live cattle, contending that when a rate on products as low or lower than that on live cattle is given a natural and fundamental law of rate making is controverted. More than this, it is contended that such a circumstance is prima facie evidence that the packers have a dominant and "monopolistic" power over the railroads and their freight rates, and that those United States statutes known as the Interstate Commerce Act and the Elkins Amendment have been violated. This matter was thoroughly tried out in the famous "Cattle Case" heard by Judge Bethea in the United States Circuit Court sitting at Chicago. In his opinion, filed December 2, 1905, about a month ago, Judge Bethea, after a careful consideration of over one thousand pages of testimony taken before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and about three thousand pages of testimony taken in his own court, made the following findings of facts:

"That the live-stock rates are reasonable in themselves; these rates are equal to or less than the rates on dressed meats and packing-house products between the same points.

"That the cost of carrying live stock is greater than that of carrying dressed meats and packing-house products. In these cases as to the particular commodities in question, the evidence shows that the defendant railroad companies pay out a much larger amount in damages for losses arising from the carriage of live stock than they do for losses arising from the carriage of dressed meats and packing-house products, in proportion to the value of the products carried, and more in damages per car regardless of the value. This makes the risk of carriage greater for live stock.

"The rates in question given to the packers at Missouri River and St. Paul were the result of competition.

"*That the competition in question did not result from agreement of the defendants, but was actual, genuine competition.*

"That the rates for carrying packers' products and dressed meats were remunerative.

"That the welfare of the public, including the shippers, consumers and all localities and markets, does not seem to be materially affected by the present rates."

The essential finding of the court as to the law was as follows: "The evidence above shows that Section 1 has not been violated —*the rates were not unreasonable.*"

Commenting upon this, the Chicago Legal News said: "Judge Bethea, in his opinion, declares that the prima facie case as made by the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission has been overthrown by the evidence taken before him."

This whole contention could not have been more thoroughly thrashed out than in this trial which lasted a month and involved examination of four thousand pages of testimony. The finding of the court should, it seems to me, most effectively settle this phase of the controversy, both as to the facts and the principles involved.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of six articles by Mr. Armour presenting the packers' side of the several questions relating to their business which have been before the public.

These Diamonds Are True Gems

THEY SELL THEMSELVES

Every one of the finest color—scintillating, brilliant, flawless. May we send you, at *our expense*, one of these Diamonds for you to test, examine and prove before you [illegible] Simply tell us in general [illegible] Use your own judgment and [illegible] at our expense something [illegible] cost over $[illegible] [illegible] and we can deal with the [illegible] Remember—

MARSHALL'S DIAMONDS

[illegible] No one is expected [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE MILL AT WASHINGTON

(Concluded from Page 5)

lost patience, and notified the chairman that he would move to take the bill from the committee. Then it developed that the able Pennsylvanian had framed up a clear majority of the Senate—including the Democrats, although this was such an excellent party measure—that was pledged to pass the bill. Beveridge was still obdurate, however, and on June 19, Quay formally moved to take the bill from the committee. He had a majority pledged to pass it; but discharging a Senatorial committee is pretty discourteous, too. Some members of the majority deprecated it, not necessarily because they sympathized with Beveridge, but because the act would be in derogation of the dignity of a Senator. Then it was agreed that the committee should report the bill out on the third day of the next session. This was done (in December, 1902). The committee's report, of course, was adverse. Quay had his majority pledged to pass the measure, but Beveridge and his friends, under the rule of "courtesy," proceeded to talk it to death. Quay was elderly and in bad health. Beveridge was young and hard as nails. Each of these leaders of the fight had to be in his seat almost continuously throughout the winter and spring lest the other take strategic advantage of his absence to blow him up. This test of endurance was pleasant exercise to the gentleman from Indiana, but death to the gentleman from Pennsylvania. Senator Frye, the presiding officer, thought the filibustering was hurting the Senate. Senator Hanna thought it was poor business. So they took a hand, and an agreement was reached which really gave Beveridge what he had been fighting for. This agreement proposed that Oklahoma and Indian Territory should be admitted as one State, Arizona and New Mexico as one. If Hanna and Quay had lived no doubt this agreement would already have been carried into effect.

Both died. Last October the Enterprise Bank at Allegheny failed, its cashier committing suicide, and the Pennsylvanian crowd was pretty effectually demoralized. So with this session a new set of factors came into prominence. Under a territorial government, Senator Clark's great United Verde mine is assessed for taxation at about the value of one month's output; other big copper mines proportionately. Railroad taxes are low. They say that their interests have always been singularly successful in impressing the territorial legislature with their views about the sacredness of vested interests. It is argued, with much plausibility, that they might be equally successful with the legislatures of two sparsely-settled States. Montana and Nevada have never been at all rough on them. With a big State they might have more trouble.

Of course, there are many good people in Arizona, especially in Phœnix, which would be the capital, who want to be a State all by themselves. Some of them would even be willing to hold State offices. At any rate, although there is no dispute about Oklahoma and Indian Territory, a good deal of opposition has developed to the joint admission of Arizona and New Mexico. Senator Clark has not yet taken the extreme ground adopted by Senator Alger, who declared on the floor of the Senate that if the bill passed he would dispose of his investments down there; but the gentleman from Montana has been exhibiting his bronze top-knot and whiskers to admiring Senate galleries rather more assiduously than common, and stories have gone around about a powerful mining lobby that was willing to let useful members buy choice copper stocks at attractive figures. The Republican members held a conference on the subject early in the session, and only 110 of them voted for the joint State bill, with 65 against it. However, party pressure will probably get a majority in line.

Naturally, I don't vouch for the lobby stories. Nobody ever does. The lobby, in fact, is a good deal of a bugaboo to scare the folks at home. Most of the stories ought to be printed in the Boy Detective series.

The other day an elderly man of powerful frame, with a look in his dim, blue eye as though he would know a joke if he met one, might have been seen wending his way cautiously—for the floors are rather slippery—down the marble halls of the Senate wing. He disappeared behind the silently swinging doors of a committee-room, and in due time it became known that President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had been in to see Senator Knox. Some credulous persons looked for the prints of his cloven foot and the mark where his tail had dragged along the corridor. Others surmised that if he had had anything particularly devilish on his mind he would have telephoned for Knox to come over to Philadelphia. If the New York Central is opposed to railroad rate legislation, will Mr. Vanderbilt have to go a-lobbying to get word with Senator Depew or Senator Platt? If the Arizona copper interests are opposed to joint Statehood, will not Senator Clark know it without the intervention of a lobby?

It is true there are some lobbyists and lobbying. When Senator Elkins' committee was holding its solemn hearings on the railroad rate business, a genial little gentleman, with a dash of the military in his gray goatee, often sat just behind the chairman, within easy speaking distance—of which he frequently took advantage. This was former Senator Faulkner from West Virginia, who now has offices as a lawyer in the Kellogg Building and is certainly actively interested in the railroad side of the rate case. Information favorable to that side frequently leaks out to the press through his office, by way of keeping public opinion normal, as Mr. Bishop expressed it. Probably this activity would be called lobbying; but it is not believed that anybody had to give Senator Elkins a love philter to evoke a fond feeling for the railroads in his rugged breast.

As well known as Mr. Faulkner, and as much interested in the railroad rate matter, is former Senator Chandler, now president of the Spanish Claims Commission. But his interest is all on the other side—that is, in favor of rate regulation. The arguments, oral and written, that he makes are intended to influence legislation, and so, probably, must be classed as lobbying, although, without any doubt, he does it for no personal profit.

There is some ragtag-and-bobtail of a real lobby, composed of small fry who now and again persuade a minor interest that they can do it some good. As often as not, I believe, they can't; but they do no doubt pick up considerable money. A favorite avenue to this little graft is alleged influence with the press, for they all have the right idea—namely, that the effective influencing of legislation, except as one member of the Senate or House may influence another, is done away from Washington. Keeping public opinion normal is the great trick, for public opinion finally rules. The railroads showed that they understood this when they got up their immensely expensive publicity bureau to feed the country press and as much of the metropolitan as could stand the diet. About everybody hunts the same trail to the best of his ability.

Of lobbying by direct bribery there is probably none. Some indirect methods persist. A certain venerable figure is still to be seen about the Capitol on most sunny days, I believe. He first appeared in the palmy times of Collis P. Huntington, and it is his sole and responsible duty to hand out passes to receptive Western members. Drawing mileage from the Government for a long haul while riding on a pass makes an appreciable addition to the Congressional income, and is neater than taking the money in ten-dollar bills. Besides, it really does not imply the same moral or immoral obligation to the donor. The idea has grown up that Congressmen have a kind of sacred vested right to railroad passes, and can take them and still vote against the roads. Very likely, if the truth were known, a perception of this unprofitable fact lies behind the recent action of the trunk lines in shutting off passes.

At any rate, the roads know well enough that the House will pass the railroad rate bill. Perhaps they have concluded that it would not be right to assist gentlemen who wish to be so heedful of the public weal in drawing mileage from the public treasury to which they are not morally entitled. The announcement from so big a man as President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, that he was not going to fight rate regulation, is significant of the drift of the most intelligent railroad opinion. After all, the Dolliver bill, which comes with White House sanction, is by no means a terrible measure. Probably the fight against effective regulation of rates will be made after the bill becomes a law.

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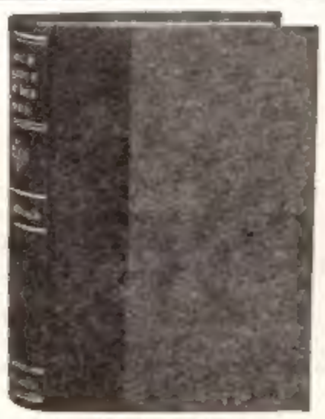

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Forging the Golden Chain

(Concluded from Page 5)

later she walked in. He was there. He rose and kissed her. Upon his lips was the odor of those peanuts.

"Natalie!" he exclaimed, pleased. The foreman approached.

"Have you had your dinner, sir?" the foreman asked. "If so, I'll get mine."

"Yep," answered Jimmy. "I've had my dinner. Go ahead."

The foreman went. And yet, she did not understand. Business, sometimes, so Dolliver had told her, was a matter of pennies. She did not know that there were times when the only man in a factory who went dinnerless, perforce, was the proprietor. All the others got their pay regularly but himself. But Natalie was not thinking of these things. Her eyes had fastened upon five ten-dollar bills that lay upon Jimmy's desk.

"Jimmy," she said, "I've just *got* to go to New York, to get things for myself and the baby. I can't wait a minute longer, and so I thought I'd come right down and ——"

Jimmy Dolliver never winced. "How—how much do you need?" he asked. She looked at the money.

"Fifty would do me, Jimmy," she answered. "I can hardly make it go, but—it will *do*."

Jimmy Dolliver hesitated for a moment. Then he picked up the money and passed it over. "Take it along," he said. "I'll go home early and see to Jimmy, and you get there when you can." He was just about to kiss her once more, when a man stepped in with a bill in his hand.

"Got that fifty for Carter-Welch?" he queried. Jimmy scratched his head.

"Carter-Welch'll have to wait," he answered. "It's the only time they ever had to wait for me. I'll have the fifty Monday, certain, but not before."

"O. K., Mr. Dolliver," said the man, as he swung out and rattled down the stairs. Dolliver smiled at his wife.

"We like to keep our credit good, you see," he said.

Young Mrs. Dolliver went. "I should think Carter-Welch *could* wait!" she thought. She went to New York. She spent the fifty, carefully, economically.

"But—my!" she thought; "it does feel good to spend money once again! It does!"

Two women sat next to her on the Christopher Street car as she came back home. On the way the attention of one was attracted by three Italian women, young and lusty, and very dirty, who carried on their heads huge packs of wood.

"How can they do it?" sighed the woman next to Mrs. Jimmy Dolliver.

The other woman was a philosopher. "My dear," she said genially, "they have to live their lives, you know."

They have to live their lives! It was a new idea to Mrs. Jimmy Dolliver—an idea that struck home. She must live her life. She had not considered that before. She had taken Jimmy for better, for worse. And she must make the very best of the very worst. And her life—so far it had been rebellion! It could not be thus always. She would be poor; Jimmy would be poor. She must live her life. A sudden resolve thrust itself upon her—she *would* live her life.

And yet there were things she couldn't understand. On the Monroe trolley, as she hung on a strap, she heard two men behind her talking.

"I can't go away now, not much," he said; "I'm afraid. If I'm going to make gold chains I've got to stay right here in town. I've got to *sell*."

"Afraid—of what?" the other asked casually.

"Of Eisenstein-Thalheimer," returned the other with a laugh. "They're pushing us close for second place. Look out, yourself."

It seemed incomprehensible, all this. What was a business reputation worth if it did not bring Jimmy business? What was a business worth if it did not bring Jimmy money, and luxury, and ease?

But she thrust it all behind her. "I have my life to live," she told herself: "I'll live it."

And there was something strangely altered in the wife of Jimmy Dolliver when Jimmy kissed her his welcome home that night, and lifted little Jimmy to be kissed. It was intangible, but it was there. And later she slipped her hand into his.

"We'll fight it out together, Jimmy," she said; "and hereafter I'll be a better fighter than I've been."

"What?" he exclaimed. "Better fighter? No one could have been a better fighter than you've been." He drew her tight. "Natalie, girl!" he whispered.

It was two years later that he came in, smiling, one evening. "Natalie," he said, "G. J. Lawson is going to sell his brownstone house downtown. It's good. I've been through it. How would you like to buy it, little girl?"

She stared at him in amazement. "How can we buy it?" she asked.

"With money," he answered; "*our* money—made out of our business—your business and mine, Natalie," he said.

"The business?" she gasped; "is there *money* in the business?"

"Why, of course," he answered; "it's a good business. It's always been good. From the start we've done well. But it took money to run—and, now it's running, it brings in money."

"You—never thought it; never expected it!" she protested.

"Never thought it?" he returned. "Why, I've always *known* it. I've always *seen* it. I've always *felt* it coming."

They bought the Lawson house. But Lawson was not yet through with it.

"We're going to have a ball first, Natalie," said Genevieve, "and then we go to live abroad."

They had the ball. Natalie and Jimmy Dolliver went in their own coupé.

"That is, it's yours, if you like it," Jimmy said, as they stepped into it that night. For she had not known before. "It's like old times," Jimmy laughed, to cover up her confusion.

"Hello, old man!" G. J. Lawson said to him later. "It seems queer, it does, for us to have this ball in your house—but we *had* to have a kick-up before we left, you know."

And Natalie noticed one thing that surprised her. The people that knew people—that knew *her*—seemed to know her husband much better than they did herself. Men stood at attention about him. Men sought him out. Men introduced their wives to him.

"Mr. Dolliver, my dear," they would say.

"*Who* is Mr. Dolliver?" she heard a new arrival ask.

"Dolliver?" replied the new arrival's husband. "Haven't you ever heard of Eisenstein-Thalheimer, manufacturers of jewelry here in town?"

"Oh, of course!" was the reply.

"Well, Dolliver is Eisenstein-Thalheimer, that's all." It was enough.

Dolliver, of Eisenstein-Thalheimer, moved into the Lawson house. And Lawson moved to Europe—he was retiring, so Monroe understood, having made or inherited his pile. Dolliver shook his head.

It was a year later that he told his wife about it. "G. J. Lawson and Genevieve have come back to Monroe," he said. "They're broke. They were broke a year ago when I bought the house. I knew, but few besides did. They got reckless, that's all. They didn't know the value of money." He paused. "By the way," he added, "Lawson has asked me for a job in the factory, and I've given him one—head bookkeeper; private secretary. I had to, and besides, Lawson and I can get along together, though I expect he'll lord it over me to beat the band."

Natalie drew a long breath. "Well, did you *ever*?" she exclaimed.

"I saw it coming all along," said Jimmy Dolliver.

"What?" asked she.

"Everything," returned Dolliver. "Here it comes now," he added, turning into the hall.

For Jimmy, Jr., was coming blithely down the stairs.

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